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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868.

THE ELEMENTS OF DANGER.

THE newspapers teem with congratulations upon the quiet and confident tone which, after the first shock of the exciting news from Washington, they tell us the public mind has assumed. So far as this tone, however it may be characterized, guarantees the national credit and the immediate industrial interests of the people, we unite heartily in the congratulations. But we think it decidedly imprudent to trust without reserve to appearances which there is reason to fear may prove deceitful and short-lived. This temperate and assured air in presence of events that in other countries would be reckoned the certain harbingers of revolution may mean something beside confidence. It may mean weariness and heartsickness of strife; it may mean the apathy of conscious helplessness; it may mean a general paralysis or congestion of opinion in the face of plausible arguments that seem to counterbalance each other; or it may mean the solemn hush and lull that comes before the burst of the tempest.

Without venturing to express absolute persuasions upon a contingency which is in its very nature so doubtful, we may yet point out certain elements of danger among us, some of which have not received so much attention as their importance deserves, and all of which have a definite bearing upon our political future. It is common, we are aware, to decry the value of precedents and experience upon the ground of their inapplicability to our peculiar situation and stage of progress. The decryers hold that this generation and this country are so far different from all other generations and countries that no historical or philosophical analogies can be pertinent or useful as warnings or examples. But the force of this hypothesis is weakened by the consideration that nearly all other generations and countries, so far as we know, have entertained a similar egotistical prejudice. A recent article in these columns essayed to show how readily the popular mind is confused by the shifting relations between *names* and *things*, which is the secret of many very honest delusions and sometimes of incalculable political mischief. That true friend of America, Edmund Burke, addressed some reflections to the French revolutionists which are curiously apposite to our own situation. "You might change the names," he said; "the things in some shape must remain. A certain *quantum* of power must always exist in the community in some hands and under some appellation. Wise men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names—to the causes of evil, which are permanent, not to the occasional organs by which they act and the transitory modes in which they appear. Otherwise you will be wise historically, a fool in practice. Seldom have two ages the same fashion in their pretexts and the same modes of mischief. . . . You are terrifying yourselves with ghosts and apparitions while your house is the haunt of robbers. It is thus with all those who, attending only to the shell and husk of history, think they are waging war with intolerance, pride, and cruelty, while, under color of abhorring the ill principles of antiquated parties, they are authorizing and feeding the same odious vices in different factions and perhaps in worse." Again, we need not look far in our own society to find "those grand compounders in politics who shorten the road to their degrees in the state, and have a certain inward fanatical assurance and illumination upon all subjects—upon the credit of which one of their doctors has thought fit, with great applause and greater success, to caution the assembly not to attend to old men or to any persons who value themselves upon their experience. I suppose all the ministers of state must qualify and take this test—wholly abjuring the errors and heresies of experience and observation."

Among the elements of danger which we think have been under-estimated is the presence throughout the country of a vast body of men trained to arms, and who have by no means returned with that willingness

and cheerfulness usually attributed to them to the avocations of peace. The theory which was to save us here from the common experience of nations has been based upon conditions which certainly preceded the war, but which have not in the same degree succeeded it. That is to say, the cheap living, light taxes, abundant demand for labor, and consequent high wages, that might serve as so many safety-valves for turbulence or superabundant energy have been so far changed by the war itself as to justify, as we think, graver apprehensions than are commonly expressed. The fire did not come just now sufficiently near the magazine to produce an explosion; but various little trains were ignited—happily extinguished before they could do damage—which show unmistakably what may be expected should the friction at Washington be increased so as to produce a like effect on a more comprehensive scale. If President Johnson possessed that hold on either great national party that President Jackson had, we should now, with the inflammable materials at hand, almost certainly have been plunged into another civil war. The generation has its own characteristics, no doubt—its improvements in mechanical invention and perhaps in diffused education; but human passions are human passions still, just as they were in the time of the Areopagus or of the Commonwealth or of the French Revolution; and the consequences of those passions when inflamed are to be predicated from the same old data. There are thousands of unemployed men in the country—thirty thousand in the metropolis alone—ex-soldiers in a large proportion, and there are hundreds of discharged officers, many of them discontented with their past military career, many displeased with their treatment, and of whom numbers would rejoice above all things again to set foot in the field. There are leaders of prominence, both in and out of the present army, who feel that ill luck and political prejudice thwarted their aspirations and eclipsed their abilities during the late war, and whose opinions might easily lead them to believe that they should be acting a patriotic part in taking up arms. Among these there are unquestionably men the erection of whose standard, no matter on what plea, would attract plenty of adventurous and reckless spirits who have always sympathized with the alleged wrongs of chieftains whose personal magnetism has not lost its power. We are not constrained to believe that public virtue, expressed either through its orators or other organs of opinion, would oppose insuperable obstacles to such measures as these if opportunity served. The eloquent writer we have already quoted has set forth, in language so often repeated of late as to be very familiar, the vitiating effect on morals and manners of civil wars; and our experience will not authorize the assumption that he wrote untruly.

With such palpable and easily to have been anticipated elements of danger in the community the path of statesmanship was clear. The masses of the people should first have been made so far as possible contented and happy. In both sections they had made enormous sacrifices. In the North, after the Titanic struggle, arms were laid down with a great sigh of relief; Grant's generous terms to Lee were heartily approved, and there was a universal longing to rest and be thankful. Whether the cause of the South was right or wrong, its justice was believed in by those who upheld it. No moral crime could be imputed to the bulk of the Southern population, whatever might be urged against certain individuals. In any case all were to live together in amity hereafter, and the door seemed to be open to such a consummation. But a diabolical spirit of revenge seized upon the ruling men of the Northern party in power, and the dastardly murder of Lincoln strengthened their hands to work their will. Under the specious plea of exacting security for the future a military sway was established over the prostrate South, and an ultimatum resolved upon not only cruelly humiliating to that section, but disgusting to millions at the North as well. To enforce Negro Suffrage at the point of the bayonet a large army was necessarily maintained, burdensome in its mere present cost to the suffering nation, and doubly injurious from the prospective embarrassments which it threatens to entail hereafter. Negro suffrage may or may not be, abstractly, a just and desirable thing; but events have shown that the time and the manner

of its attempted enforcement were injudicious and impracticable. It has brought good neither to the North nor the South, but has been the prolific parent of hatred, discontent, and financial pressure for the entire country. When it was first proposed the dominant leaders replied to remonstrances by declaring it was the will of the majority; but the elections which have invalidated that declaration have not shaken their purpose; that purpose they now propose to carry out not because it is the will of the people, but because it is their own; and herein we have another lowering element of danger. The people may be compelled by military power to submit to tyranny; but we do not yet believe they will submit without a struggle. It indeed anything could persuade the people of the United States that there may be such a thing as tyranny in the absence of a king or other single despot, the experience of the past two or three years should teach them the lesson. It should show them that there may be a tyranny of the majority whose favorite, the demagogue, is precisely similar to—Aristotle says not unfrequently identical with—the favorite of a court. It should show them that a minority may possibly tyrannize even in a democracy, and that to deny rights to minorities is, in the long run, the sure way to bring such a tyranny about. It should show how ready are the chosen servants, upon occasion, to become the masters; and how facile are the steps by which a republic may become an oligarchy, a military democracy, and a despotism.

The highly convenient "modern improvements" that General Butler proposes to add to the national structure are, in truth, very ancient ones, and there have been General Butlers before to warrant the advantage of such proposed innovations. The fanaticism that, strengthened by Democratic mismanagement and Southern fire-eating folly, and made irresistible by the blood of Lincoln, threatens to destroy the liberty in whose name it professes to act, has been paralleled in history before, and, were our knowledge and civilization more advanced than they are, would not be regarded as a surprising novelty. Ignorant, uncouth, and unscrupulous men have before now sought and obtained, through pretended affection for the people, the means of oppressing the objects of their envy and hatred. Obstinate and passionate men have before now injured a good cause by pragmatic and untimely advocacy. These things are not new under the sun, neither is their moral difficult to trace. It is not by ignoring that moral and congratulating each other that the pathway before us lies over rose-leaves that we shall escape consequences that environ all similar situations. The country is happily strong and, for our time at least, will doubtless remain united. England is probably neither weaker nor less great for the wars of the Roses or of the Commonwealth; or even France for her Revolution. With incomparably greater physical advantages than either country, and not a few political ones, we should doubtless outlive greater troubles than theirs, should such be in store for us. But that the elements of danger which beset us are numerous and serious is beyond cavil; and we shall not escape, as the ostrich hopes to do, by hiding our heads in sands of conceit or in bushes of optimism, and thinking the dangers will not find us out.

WOMAN AND HER SERVANT.

HOWEVER we may deride and decry the doctrine and its upholders, it cannot be denied that the movement for political equality of the sexes is every day gathering strength and moment. Other subjects may for a time seem to overshadow it, as, for example, Fenianism, Garibaldi, George Francis Train, and now impeachment have successively robbed it of its interest; but after each nine days' wonder has lived out its little life it has sprung again, elastic, into all its former importance. Part of this is no doubt due to the natural volubility of its natural advocates and the zeal which has never permitted the topic to sink very far below the surface of public agitation. But it is equally true that men have begun to look at the doctrine of woman's rights as a possibility to be feared or hindered or prayed for, and no longer as a chimera to be laughed at. Discussion of its merits is rapidly losing on the part of its opponents the good-natured tolerance of an ill-disguised contempt and is getting to be marked by an asperity which is

the most favorable augury for its defenders. Indeed the time for contempt has gone by. Whatever may be our individual views regarding its expediency, we can scarcely refuse to listen with respect to such arguments as champions like Mr. John Stuart Mill, not to speak of championesses like Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, can, even when wrong, bring to enforce their error. So that timorous masculinity is actually beginning to tremble in its feeble-minded boots for the continuance of its long and peaceful supremacy.

Yet it is not to be expected that that uninterrupted monopoly of power which ages have, at least in seeming, consecrated, should be yielded without a struggle. Men have so long worn the purple and wielded the sceptre, so long looked upon woman as a plaything or a slave, that her claim to be admitted to a share in the graver responsibilities, the higher prerogatives, of life and labor has escaped contempt only when its chance of recognition seemed to justify alarm. And when argument has failed them they have resorted to threats; they have striven to enlist in their behalf all the weakness of feminine vanity and feminine dependence. Female equality, they cry, will give the death-blow to male gallantry; when women stand on the same footing with men they need no longer expect that tender deference and courteous solicitude which have been the involuntary tribute of manly strength to woman's charming delicacy and helplessness. Even so just and fair an observer as Mr. Richard Grant White flings out this defiance. In a recent article in *The Galaxy* he tells us that woman, when she has acquired the rights for which she clamors, must be content to yield a part of those she has, "unless," he adds with some asperity, "she is so just and reasonable as to demand both the privileges of our sex and the immunities of her own." And an anecdote, which went the rounds of the papers during the recent Woman's Rights Convention at Boston, still more forcibly illustrates the popular feeling. An honest old farmer (all farmers are honest and old in story), on the point of giving up his seat to an angular and ancient female in a street-car, paused and enquired: "Be you one o' them ere Woman's Rights women?" An acid assent was returned. "And do you believe that women are entitled to *all* the rights of men?" "Yes." "Then use a man's right to stand up," concluded the triumphant agriculturist, as he resumed his seat. This is an index of what most men think. When woman descends into the arena to take her place with the other gladiators in the fierce struggle for life, she must expect no odds, no advantage. A fair field and no favor is the utmost that can be allowed her; and so *va victis!*

This is what the men say; and the women, in the natural reaction of offended pride, not only accept the situation, but go further and out-Herod Herod in asserting an absolute and scornful independence. Give us, they cry, equal weapons and equal training, and we ask no odds; we are content to take our chances with the rest. But perhaps we may be pardoned for doubting if this magnanimity is quite so big as it sounds, and whether there is not a little, a very little, bit of feminine pique and anger at the bottom of this swelling indifference. Portia, we may be sure, despite all her vamping, would be quite as much amazed as mortified if the opposing counsel should so far forget her sex as to make her the target for a portion of that agreeable and elegant badinage with which legal gentlemen sometimes enliven the solemnity of Justice. And Clorinda, we are persuaded, would equally object, while exercising the dearest right of the free-born American citizeness at the ballot-box, to have her new fall bonnet knocked over her eyes by some playful and happy elector. Women are slow to appreciate the full consequences of that entire equality they so confidently challenge. It would take many a lustrum to wean them from their dependence on the courtesy and chivalry of men.

Fortunately there is little likelihood that they shall need to try the doubtful experiment. It is arguing, it seems to us, on a false assumption to assert that the establishment of female equality abrogates and annuls at once all the kindly offices of male gallantry. Whatever real or imaginary rights may be yielded or denied to her insistence, there is one inalienable right which no change in her social relations can ever deprive her of—the claim of her feebleness and frailty to care and

protection. It is on the fact of her physical inferiority that masculine gallantry is based. Her weakness is her strength, the inspiring source of all the sweet observances wherewith chivalry loves to compass her. And unless our fair countrywomen shall devote themselves to physical culture much more persistently and intelligently than they have hitherto done, it is not probable that they will soon lose this claim on our courtesy and deference.

So, to whatever political eminence our ladies may rise, it is not likely that they shall need to sacrifice for the bitter sweets of power the charming involuntary tribute of masculine attention. Augustus will not scruple to offer Clorinda his arm over the rough places of life because the lady is a fellow-voter, nor refuse his hand to aid her from the Slough of Despond because she happens to be a candidate for Congress. With the necessity or expediency of that social revolution which shall put Clorinda into these novel and unused spheres of activity we have nothing to do. Time and Mrs. Stanton will doubtless settle its merits. It is scarcely to be apprehended that women, even in Mr. Mill's social Utopia, will prove very formidable competitors in most of the careers which men set most store by; but even should it be so, unless civilization should retrograde their sex will still be their safeguard.

PROGRESS AND HUMANITY.

WHEN we reflect upon the present state of society it becomes evident to us how little the progress of civilization and the changes of creeds have altered the nature of man. Tongues have become dead to us; the dwellings and the roadways, the armor and the ships, the schools of art and the system of science, have changed in all but name; but man is to-day the same being that in the past turned to worship as saints the idols that he had once believed to be gods. The names alter, but the faiths remain; the world is still pagan, and worships success and pleasure, beauty and the pride of life, as fervently now as when the Athenian mob cried *Evviva* to Alcibiades.

Conditions change; but human nature, like its Creator, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Certain instinctive beliefs, certain violent passions, underlie alike savagery and culture; they may change their aspect as does the chameleon, but no more; and philosophers disputing over regenerate and unregenerate humanity are much like those celebrated disputants who lost their tempers in the ever-living fable. Humanity at large is for time; has no future, no soul, no other world, only an immortal youth that for ever renews itself in the young; that sins and suffers, crying bitter cries, but cannot be raised out of its unchanging earthly bonds. But the individual life is for eternity and escapes from the earth, driven out of the paganism of its youth by ineradicable aspirations toward a future. The same conflict must be fought over and over again in every soul according to its innate noble or ignoble quality; and alone each must face the unknown future life, while the old world still laughs and loves in the morning of its joyous youth. It seems strange that Christians, who earnestly believe in the efficacy of (indeed strong necessity for) the schooling which this world affords us, should be so anxious to change it, to alter those conditions that were so evidently intended for our benefit; that they should persist in talking about humanity as if it were individual and had a soul to be saved, and should fail to perceive in its unchangeableness the proof of divine intention. If numberless well-intentioned people, preachers and philanthropists, could sometimes withdraw from the hurry of daily life, from the pressure of the public opinion of the hour—an opinion which influences their own equally whether they agree with it or not, so long as they listen to it—could stand aside and reflect impartially on the struggles of the present and the past, they might wisely direct instead of exasperating the bitterness of conflict. No wisdom can avail to avert evils which are the result of other than human laws, but by patient exercise we ought to be able to see the distinction between the divine order and human misrule, to accept our true conditions, neither desperately ignoring them nor tearing at the pillars of the social edifice in order to crush evil under its ruins. But few people consider

the advantage of pausing now and then and reflecting on their own manner of life or the world's movement. The impatient spirit of the age hurries all people more or less in their mental processes, and prevents them from analyzing their own or their neighbors' ideas. A current opinion is a weapon ready to every hand, a weapon that can be used at once without the tedious process of considering whether it be sound or serviceable. A current opinion once prevailed which compelled people to baptize ignorant heathen, in the faith that such baptism really made its subjects members of the Church and tended to the ultimate regeneration of mankind. Since that fanatical epoch the world is supposed to have progressed so far as to have escaped from the bondage of a narrow and bigoted faith. Yet to-day half the civilized world is declaring that the privilege of the vote, conferred upon people as ignorant of any theory or practice of civil rights as the Peruvians were of the spirit of the gospel, will raise them from the bondage of ignorance and evil habits, and render them capable of assisting to regulate a complicated civilization—a civilization feverish and corrupt, full of the vices that ran riot in the East and West, to culminate in that anarchy which sank under the long darkness of the middle ages. History repeats itself continually; but each generation suffers under a kind of judicial blindness, disregards the lessons of the past, and too often neglects the opportunities of the present, while indulging in theories for the regeneration of mankind in the future—perhaps by means of some social convulsion that shall supersede the old need for patience and long suffering, by guaranteeing to the individual all the rights his individuality demands; perhaps by instilling into the masses a spirit of charity that will enable them to bear with each other in the conflict of life. For eighteen hundred years the world has been saturated with this teaching, which might, had such a thing been possible, have turned devils into angels. Priests and martyrs, holy women and zealous men, have followed in the footsteps of their teachers, and human souls have been able to receive their testimony and have been raised above the evil of the world; but humanity at large lies under the curse of an unchanging law. The spirit that enabled men to die at Thermopylae, and the spirit that prompted them to throw slaves to the lampreys or into the arena, has worked visibly through all eyes from the death of the Christian martyrs to the persecution of heretics and witches. The most noble piety, the most grovelling fetichism, by turns manifests itself in our race. Now, to-day, men for the love of God do harder things than to die in the arena for His sake. Now, to-day, for fear of His vengeance, men do harder things to others than condemn them to the tortures of judicial fires, inflict worse sufferings on themselves than the scourgings of the cells. The idea of sacrifice has always seemed as essential to the health of the human soul as salt to the earth; so, too, the idea of persecution for conscience' sake—an idea as utterly abhorrent to reason as poisons are to life; yet they are both manifest constantly side by side in our nature; changeless in character and only varying in intensity. Time was when we believed that evil was only ignorance, and that humanity needed but knowledge to make it half divine, that intellectual and moral growth must correspond, and that to learn the law was to become just. But the cruelty of intellectual despotism is harder to combat than that of brute force, and disdain inflicts more stinging wounds than the lash. In past times people persecuted one another with physical tortures because their creeds differed. In the more intelligent future it is possible that an intenser pain may be inflicted because people differ in ideas. Perfect unanimity of opinion cannot be wished for, because that would be stagnation; perfect harmony cannot be hoped for, because that would be heaven. The early Christians believed in an immediate heaven upon earth, but by this time the most deliberate reasoner must be convinced that they were mistaken in accepting that idea as collective or exterior or relating to anything but the inner life of the believer. Combat is the very essence of our life, and pleasure and pain are fighting in as keen a conflict now as when the Greeks fabled the opening of Pandora's box. It may be that what the Greeks called fate, and the Christians evil, we shall in the latter days learn to call law—a law divine and just and perfect, which gives us the poor, the evil, and the ignorant always to be with us, but also raises up pure, noble, and heroic

souls from the earliest until the latest days, to show how divine man will be when he has shaken off the trammels of humanity.

THE POETRY OF SLANG.

WE are warned in Holy Writ not to attempt to gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles, but would the natural man think of looking for pearls in an oyster, or for exquisite colors in a kettle of coal-tar? And yet, as from the vilest refuse of sewers the chemist prepares for us the delicate perfumes that give sensations of exquisite pleasure, so among the gutters, so to speak, of our language we shall find occasional traces of the same divine essence which permeates *Hamlet* and the *Divina Commedia*. It would be a daring thing to assert that the Muses have a town-residence in Billingsgate, yet certainly many a jewel from their sweeping robes lies hidden among the rubbish of that savory spot. We have only to take a ramble through the pages of a slang dictionary to become convinced that not only do treasures of history and philosophy lie half concealed beneath the veil of vulgarity, but scraps of actual poetry, bits of exquisite fancy, or touches of graver imagination.

"Slang," says an eloquent writer in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, "is the changeable and capricious idiom of the familiarities of the day. The words of which it is composed spring up no one knows how, from some equally unknown source, to answer some vague demand of innovation. They are, because they are; they reign, because they reign; and even he who launched them upon this world would be puzzled to account for their extraordinary vogue." Slang has this in common with the immortal Topsy, that it was not born, it "grewed." Some hitherto unheard-of exploit has startled the town, for slang is pre-eminently a growth of the streets, or some fresh absurdity has been committed, some public character has assumed a new rôle or invented a new attitude, and, like a mushroom in the night, a new word has grown into existence. Somebody has aptly christened the little stranger, and the next lexicographer has to insert another word marked "vulgar." And among the roughest slang of the lowest classes we shall occasionally find a word through whose tattered etymology gleams some trace of a diviner origin. Sometimes it is a terrible poem that we stumble over in these rakings through the mud; a sudden vision of the degradation of our poor humanity in these great, grinding cities, where it is all very well for those who are at the top of the wheel, but woe to the unfortunates below! Novelists and poets stop sometimes in their painting of beauty or passion to show us the dark side of the picture, and the *Cry of the Children* rings in the ears of the startled world; but is there a more pathetic picture, a sadder story of down-trodden humanity, than that which lies very near the surface when we speak of thousands and thousands of our fellow-beings as "hands?" Did you ever stop to think of all that word implied? Did it strike you that for all this class their noble reason, their infinite faculties, their god-like apprehension are implicitly annihilated? For them we take no account of quivering nerve and busy brain; for them, in our minds, charity and hope and faith mean nothing; knowledge is an empty name, happiness no concern of theirs, virtue a dream. They are "hands," and that is all we know of them. It is slang, too—workmen's slang—which speaks of a man without employment as "out of collar." Is there no poetry in that? Do we not see before us, in our mind's eye, perchance, some jaded, passive beast of burden, freed for the moment from the slow mechanical pull at a never-lessening load, too weary to take advantage of the respite, but standing with drooping head and lack-lustre eye till the collar is once more set on the galled shoulders? Is it cheering or is it infinitely touching to see this poor humanity, at the bottom of whose Pandora's box of ills still lingers hope, trying to laugh through all this toil, to call hardships by the mildest names—to euphemize, in short, on all occasions? The iron chain that hangs from the prisoner's waist he calls his "wife," the treadmill becomes in a measure transfigured when he speaks of it as a "vertical care-grinder;" and should he at last be hung, is there no consolation to him in the representation that he is only going to "dance upon nothing?" What a wonderfully light and airy image that conveys! And still more poetically some of his comrades will speak of his death as "autumn" and the "fall of the leaf." The elegant writer who speaks of Shelley's ashes being classically incensed little thinks that these scamps are saying the same thing when they speak of their ruined friend having "gone to pot."

We are often shown instances of one word running

through different languages in a slightly modified form, as, for instance, from the good old town of Ghent, the French get "gants" and we "gauntlets;" from a settlement of cloth-workers at Touques, in Normandy, the Germans get their "tuch," a cloth, and we our "duck," our "ticking," and our "tucker." So, in the humbler domain of slang, a London thief speaks of a fly as a "policeman," a curiously vivid image of the annoyance continually buzzing round his ears. The French rascal uses the reverse of the medal and calls a sergeant de ville a "mouche," from whence comes the regular word *mouchard*, a spy. These same London roughs rather degrade the moon when they call her the "parish lantern," but how they refine and excuse their intoxicated friend when they say he has "got the sun in his eyes" or "he can't see a hole in a ladder!" Sometimes these slang phrases contain the most curious felicities of expression, akin to the graphic touches of our best poets and humorists. For instance, what sly satire in the favorite slang for large feet, "beetle-crushers!" Imagine the English turf, closely shaven and thick-set with pink-tipped, short-stemmed daisies, nestling almost flat to the ground, and then realize the force of the word when they say of a low-stepping horse that he is a "daisy-cutter." But what are all these examples, picked up in glancing through a slang dictionary, to those which our enthusiastic French friend quotes as a "madrigal." In the first place, a "spoon," strange as it may seem, has no connection with the verb "to be spooney," a verb that we have no doubt our readers all understand, and which they have probably conjugated in at least some of its tenses. That the ladies who may peruse these pages would unanimously decline the substantive "spoon" we make no doubt, particularly when they fully appreciate the fact that a "spoon" means a stupid fellow, a simpleton, and is synonymous with "muff." But why should the very unsuggestive words "muff" and "spoon" be selected from the whole dictionary as emblematic of dulness? *Voilà notre madrigal*, and a dainty one it is. A simpleton is called a "spoon" and a "muff" because a spoon touches a lady's lips without kissing them and a muff holds her hand without pressing it! Could our daintiest of song writers, our courtliest of gallants, have done better? Even Herrick and Suckling would have looked with approval on such a delicious little bit of gallantry.

But should there be those who refuse to see poetry in these pathetic, humorous, or dainty phrases, what can they say to a slang which consists entirely of poetry, which has rhyme as well as reason for its foundation? Yet such a slang there is, in which you do not ask for a thing by its right name, but by a word or phrase which rhymes to it, and this singular mode of expression has become a regular language, and has a grammar and dictionary of its own among the cads and costermongers of London. These rhymes, often entirely arbitrary, differing altogether from the word they represent, sometimes bear a quaint and curious relation to it. For instance, why a man should ask for "German flutes" when he means a pair of boots, or talk of "a flag unfurled" when he is thinking of a man of the world, is likely to be to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness. *Sordello* itself is not more wonderfully mysterious. One might also, at first sight, be rather puzzled to know why these poets of the people should call a pot of ale "a ship in full sail;" but when one considers the swelling whiteness of the piled-up froth towering high above the dark vessel which supports it, we can find some excuse for this bold figure. A tanner is slang for a sixpence, derived from the ancient Rommany (or gypsy) word *tawno*, signifying a little one; but why these astonishing costermongers should choose to call a tanner "the goddess Diana," and how they came to know anything at all about the favorite deity of the Ephesians, are mysteries of equal darkness. One can imagine the possibility of a pair of gloves, in their necessarily close companionship, suggesting the idea of "turtle-doves," though it would seem rather a refined simile for the blackguards of St. Giles's had we not already had examples of their occasional prettiness of speech. And when we read that "maids adorning" stands for the "morning," we come again upon what our French friend would characterize as a madrigal. What a pretty suggestion of the beginning of the day! There is something so fresh and auroral about it that one wonders how it could have emanated from the darkest and dirtiest purloins of smoky London.

But should we wonder, after all, at any of its felicities when we reflect that slang draws riches from the treasuries of half the vocabularies in the world? Not content with the modern languages of Western Eu-

rope, it levies contributions on the Oriental and the ancient tongues. Latin, Greek, Persian, Hindoo—all are there; and deep as philologists may dig for the roots of this singular mode of speech, deeper still will run the finer filaments. Far, far back among the twilight shades of history, when the pyramids first received their kingly dead, and Memnon was still somebody's speaking likeness, slang that reigns to-day in Billingsgate was being cut in stone upon the pillars of Thebes. Its manifestations may be local and temporary, its essence and its genius are coexistent with language itself.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

LITERATURE is becoming a recognized profession. Young men on leaving their studies select it as they do law or medicine. Its honors are commonly as certain as those of other pursuits, and its rewards are often as good. But it is said that little original work is now produced in literature; that thus far in our generation no reputation has been made which will bear comparison with those of the last. Admitting the fact for the sake of our present purpose, we imagine that it is yet more true that the people of to-day reap greater benefit from their literature than the people of fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred years ago did from theirs, splendid as it was. The value of a profession is not so much in its great names as in the daily and hourly use made of it. A country attorney is a very useful man in his community, and he might not be more so if he had the ability and acquisitions of the greatest lawyer in the land. In fact, these advantages might impair his usefulness. He would no longer be the village practitioner. Great causes would demand his attention, and small ones would fall into the hands of other men.

There was a time when great poems were written; but in that time no newspapers and weeklies and monthlies and quarterlies came to every man's door. Literature was not then a profession. An able lawyer, a successful statesman, added to his reputation by a book. It was read by scholars, but it did not reach the people. They cared nothing about it. A wonderful poem, a new theory in mental philosophy, left them as it found them—no better for it. Happily that time has passed. The man who proposes to live by literature in our day must be practical. He must write what other men will buy. The physician who, instead of trying to cure the sick around him, should devote himself to study for years and, as its result, publish a book or a discovery, whatever the merit of his labors, would not have practised medicine; and if all physicians should employ themselves similarly the profession would cease to exist. Nor does the man of letters practise his profession who is more intent on the publication of a book than attentive to the health of the community in which he is placed.

Who reads Milton? How many among the people who, by their patronage, have made literature a profession care anything about *Paradise Lost* or *Comus*? Yet the morning and evening papers, the monthlies, short poems, stories, brilliant essays, books on popular subjects are eagerly read, although their readers never think of the men who write and edit them. What their reputation may be, or whether they have any, is a matter of complete indifference. Perhaps the popular taste is not false. It, at all events, takes a practical form which is worthy of respectful consideration. The mass read good books when they can get them. This is clearly shown by the eagerness with which books on religion are read. What the Unitarians call liberal Christianity—the advanced religious thought, the reconciliation of the Bible with science, common sense applied to theology as to law—is making progress in the country, and such books as *Ecce Homo* are bought and taken from public libraries in numbers which evidence the mental activity and earnestness of the majority of the people. It is so with other subjects. Every book which satisfies a want, which helps men to some necessity or comfort, which teaches physical and mental well-being, the "open secret" of this life or one to come, is joyfully welcomed. Is not this, so far as it goes, a healthy state of literature? Under it are not the people becoming educated, trained in habits of mental discipline, and learned in all useful knowledge? The man who would practise literature in its present state must meet the real wants of the people; and he will find it no holiday task, no amusement in which he may indulge when free from his daily pursuits; he will find it as exacting in its demands upon his time and skill as the hardest of the professions.

It does not necessarily require great ability successfully to practise literature. The most useful, the most

successful, men are not always the ablest. It is sometimes a misfortune to have genius. Talfourd once said that many young men failed at the bar because they were too brilliant. Literature requires very much the same capacity and training as are demanded in the other professions. To those who are willing to devote to it the same time and care that they would expect to devote to any other career it opens a trustworthy way to usefulness. The profession of literature has dignity as well as utility, and to such as attain distinction in it lasting records are given. The great lawyer's name soon lives but in tradition. In a few years, of the speeches which influenced grave judges and threw a spell over stolid jurymen not a fragment remains; or reports are published which, by their errors, rather destroy than preserve the fame of the orator. But in literature the printed page is at once the maker and the preserver of a reputation. Macaulay's works, for example, as he said of Milton's prose, are a field of cloth of gold. They gave him fame, and that fame is embalmed in them. In his description of the trial of Warren Hastings, the great lawyers who took part in it appear before us for a moment and then vanish. The eloquence of Burke and Sheridan—their voices, their action—can never be reproduced for us. They had their day in court, others have theirs now, and they are but the shadows of great names. But the vivid word-painting by which Macaulay brings them temporarily from the past into the great hall of William Rufus, and sets before us that most magnificent pageant in which they were actors, is an able writer's imperishable credentials to another age.

HUMAN BEAUTY.

WE are strangely inconsistent with regard to beauty. The human form is continually held up as the model of everything beautiful; we affirm that its waving lines and subtle curvatures are more truly beautiful than those of any other creature and, as we sometimes even say, than any line or shape of thing created; and that the finest forms in nature are those which approach nearest to the outlines of our bodies. Yet in practice we ignore these theories, and are either regardless of what beauty we have or do our best to alter and conceal it. We are ashamed of it, as if it were a fault; and even if we know that we have a fine face or figure, and secretly do our best to preserve and display it, we are unwilling to acknowledge the fact to others, and regard any open boast of personal beauty as an unpardonable vanity. We fill our apartments with statues and with pictures representing men and women in repose and action; we call them beautiful, and delight to look on them; but we dress ourselves in ugly garments and care little more for our own appearance than to be neat and orderly. We embellish all around us, and go about ourselves like ugly black spiders in some gorgeous flower-bed. Yet all the while we really love human beauty; and, such being the case, it is reasonable to ask why we behave in this way, and whether it is wrong for us to love a fine form, that we are thus ashamed of it? Is not all this feeling false, artificial, and perverted—a fruit of wrong practice and unsound theory?

The Greeks were the first and only people that we know of who cultivated beauty for beauty's sake. Their æsthetic qualities were highly developed—one effect probably of their charming climate. Living in a most beautiful region, their eyes were early accustomed to lovely shapes, and their habits of life tended to increase their natural regard for the beautiful. Health and comfort demanded frequent exercise and ablutions, and their wars and athletic games only increased the care they took of themselves. This attention to their persons brought beauty with health and strength, and maintained it. Prowess in war and gymnastics being deemed a virtue, a fine form and rounded limbs would have been highly thought of as indicating such prowess; even if uncombined with a feeling for beauty for its own sake. We do not suppose that the beauty of their bodies was primarily sought by the Greeks; but having attained and loving it, they therefore set to work to keep and increase it, and taught that it was worth getting for its own worth. Nor was this regard for physical beauty a consequence of their sensuous paganism, nor simply because in that way they hoped to be godlike. Their religion was rather influenced in this way by their feelings and ideas, and their gods, from ideas and natural forces, became personations and beings in whom beauty was most highly developed. Their gods were beautiful because they themselves were so. At all events the Greeks were beautiful. Their statues tell us so. They considered themselves so. They tried to be so. They were proud

of their beauty. They did their utmost to become beautiful and keep beautiful, and they dressed and kept themselves in such way as best to set off and show the grace and power of their forms. The same thing was, to a less degree, characteristic of other ancient peoples, and eminently so wherever Greek influences and customs spread.

But a time came when men no longer cared for themselves; other thoughts and other ideas gained prominence. The barbarians who overran the civilized world may have had something to do with this change. Yet these barbarians themselves, like all young and fresh nations, had some regard for their persons; and though of rougher mould and more ungraceful limb, they yet had a consciousness of the beauty of form, and felt it a duty to strive to preserve it. One other cause intervened, namely, the introduction and spread of Christianity. While the Christian religion does not necessarily exert a harmful influence on physical culture, yet it is probably a matter of fact that it has done so, and it has done so through wrong inferences drawn from its highest truths. Because the soul was the eternal part of man, therefore the body, being temporal, was to be despised and disregarded; as future life was supposed to be the happiness of the soul, heaven could be nearer and sooner approached by mortifying the body. Sin being regarded as an error of the flesh, righteousness could be got by maltreating the flesh. Asceticism followed, and the practice of looking at the body as an encumbrance and hindrance to spiritual progress, and every care spent on it, either for its health or beauty or ornament, as a vanity and sin before God. Christianity became distinguished from all other religions as eminently the religion of bodily pain and physical uncleanness; in this contrasting with Mohammedanism, which requires cleanness of body as necessary to purity of mind, and makes ablution always obligatory before prayer.

As order became more established these austere principles lost their ground, and religion became more dead. Monachism still existed, but monks took temporal comfort and lived in large abbeys with good cheer and cultivated gardens. Virtue consisted in purity of life, and religion became almost natural morality under the form of Christianity. Then a sense of human beauty returned, and the nobles and youth of the middle ages were as handsome and lovely as were the ancients, with somewhat more of a sentiment of duty than had the latter to fill in the physical lines of their faces with something spiritual. Their beauty was not merely sensuous, or sensuous and intellectual, like that of the Greeks, but spiritual as well. The practise of virtue and bravery and goodness is just as sure to produce beauty as the search for physical and spiritual beauty is sure to result in these. Beauty even of the body cannot be attained except by temperance and virtue and spiritual calmness.

But again came a time when men despised their own beauty and bodily perfection; this time not through over religion or superstition, but from too great worldliness and carelessness. They contemned human beauty not because they thought it wrong, but because they did not think much about it at all. The Renaissance produced an unhealthy result in many ways. Men became disputatious over points of no importance. The form was everything and the matter nothing. Mind was set up above matter in undue degree. Man believed that he could improve everything. Nature was neglected and artificialness encouraged. Then men sought for beauty of their own imaginings, and did not see the beauty that existed in nature. Mr. Ruskin has well shown how the search for beauty at the expense of truth produced its inevitable result—ugliness. In consequence of this men taught that beauty did not exist—that what was called beautiful was mere habit, and that, if men would only think so, one thing would be as beautiful as another. They defaced nature by geometric gardening; they disfigured themselves by ridiculous fashions of powder and patches and ugly dresses. Such legacies of teaching and example the last century left to us. We have, in a measure, emancipated ourselves from this thralldom; that is theoretically—practically we are as much slaves as ever. The dresses of women are, if anything, uglier than they were fifty years ago. The costume of men is more sensible, being better adapted for comfort and use. But there is no reason that it should continue so, since fashion is despotic and at any time may change.

The dress of both sexes does its utmost to conceal the shape. It would seem as if the present generation, knowing that the majority, through vice and carelessness and inheritance, were ugly, had determined that the handsome should have no advantage, and had invented

such costume that, all being equally concealed, might be supposed equally beautiful, and the truth never be known. Before the soul looked on the body as sinful, and hated it; now the mind looks on the body as un-intellectual, and despises it. Worship of mind has in this age taken the place of worship of God, and even of worship of goodness. We are apt to estimate everybody by what they have done or by what they are capable of doing, and we want everything to run by machinery, in the most useful and practical way possible, disregarding all other considerations. But our mind is not all of us; the development of the mind alone is not all we need. Our moral nature too should be cultivated, and, though we be prodigies of intellect and saints in character, we cannot long be either without care for our bodies. To enjoy either we must be strong and healthy. But health is not what we are now insisting upon. The most perfect development of all our bodily powers results in something more—in beauty, which is visible health. In fact, perfect beauty is the completion of all; for if we are immoral or un-intellectual, our face is so far weakened and deteriorated.

We should make the best use of everything we have; and so, being made in the likeness of God, we should strive to carry out that likeness and show ourselves as perfect as we can. As Mr. Buckle says: "If a man suppresses part of himself, he becomes maimed and shorn. He who abstains from safe and moderate gratification of the senses lets some of his essential faculties fall into abeyance, and must on that account be deemed imperfect and unfinished. Such an one is incomplete and crippled." So we have not reached the completion of our nature until we have made the utmost of our bodily as well as our spiritual powers. Ugly men are uncompleted. Deformed and crippled persons are lacking in other things beside beauty, for we still believe that beauty and goodness are surely associated. Is it a relic of the middle ages and that era of personal beauty that we still expect goodness and virtue where we see great beauty, and that we are somewhat amazed at finding that some hunchback or hideous-visaged man is kind and true when we looked to find him malicious and wicked? Taking the average of humanity through, is it not true that the handsomest are usually the best; and is it not truer that the best are usually handsome, more beautiful with every good deed, their faces radiant, their appearance exalted? Why this is not always true is because many people suffer for the sins of others, and want and disease and wickedness in past generations have left their indelible mark upon the present. With many the greatest purity of life never quite transfigures the misshapen exterior, especially when little self-care is taken, as is apt to be the case with persons living in good deeds and care for others. True and complete beauty can be obtained only by effort and by some desire for it. Nothing is more fragile, and yet nothing with right conduct is more easily kept. The beauty that comes of nature and health and purity will bear much hard work and labor and exposure. But mental anxiety and distress will injure it. There must be equanimity, peace of mind and soul, in the really beautiful—got in some by nature, in some by faith, in some by reason, and in some even by carelessness.

The cultivation of the mind is greatly and rightly insisted on. We take reasonable pride in our intellectual achievements. We send our boys to school and urge them to be first, to get to the head of their class, to take the prizes. We approve what they have done, and praise them, and do rightly. We also show with some satisfaction our skill in physical sports and athletic exercise. We belong to rowing clubs and attend gymnasiums, and practise riding and walking. We thus aim to get strong and active and improve our muscle. Why not also improve our beauty? Beauty, it may be said, is a gift, and we cannot wrest it from Him who has denied it to us. But we at least can improve our own advantages. We can make the best use of what gift has been given us, however meagre or scanty. Is there anything more to be ashamed of in having a shapely limb or a clear-cut brow or a fair and pure skin than in being enduring or active or lithe; than in being quick of perception or logical in reasoning; than in being good and pure? When beauty is the result of this, certainly not. Beauty cannot be gained or kept by vice. The more vice the less beauty. The seeming examples to the contrary are easily explained. In some the form, like the mind, has been so richly endowed by nature that it takes great wickedness to spoil it. And moral evil is sometimes, through a peculiar moral nature, less evil, and so less hurtful, to self than to others.

But if you will not thus cultivate your beauty to complete and perfect yourself, do it for others. Do it

for beauty's sake alone. That is a sufficient reason in itself. We cannot well have too much beauty in this world, and everything beautiful is an emanation of the divine. "This is pure paganism," some one may say; "you are teaching sensuality of life and of thought." But this is not so. Beauty reached its highest development, indeed, in a pagan age; yet it was an age in some respects superior to this—an age of high ideal and of earnest effort after not always the best, but still after the good. Beauty is not inconsistent with Christianity as we believe it. The tendency of modern culture is to throw off all arbitrary and rashly-imposed shackles; and many things formerly regarded as harmful and wrong are now no longer so. While Christians still, as ever, long for moral and spiritual perfection, the truest and best of them are not averse from the highest education of the mind, and the free and full exercise of the powers of the body. Flesh is no longer opposed to spirit, but both work for one perfection. Pure Christian spirit will admit of physical as well as moral and mental beauty, and thus physical beauty will exercise no bad and deteriorating influence. The vices of Greece were owing to other causes than love of beauty. That in itself is not sensualizing or degrading, however it, like other good things, may be perverted.

Does some one say that, with the present fashions and style of dress, there is no use for beautiful forms? But fashion is ephemeral. When beauty becomes common, costume will be used to show instead of to conceal it. When men wish to be handsome, they will easily find methods of displaying it. Till then we must be content to enjoy our own loveliness, if we cannot see that of others; but it is one power of beauty that, however hideous the disguise, it cannot be quite concealed. It displays itself in motion or posture, it shines out through the face, and becomes visible even in the fold and hang of the garments.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"NEWTON'S INADVERTENCIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of February 8 appeared a letter with the above heading which I read with great interest. The writer took up three points in the accepted theories of astronomy which he proposed to prove untenable.

The first of these is the assumption that the rotation of the planets is the result of an original impulse in right lines, modified by gravity. And however surprising, even fatal, to received theories, his reasoning seems conclusive against that assumption, unless it can be shown that the principle on which he bases his argument, and which is certainly commonly accepted and taught, is false—namely, that a projectile impelled horizontally above a level will reach the earth in the same time as if dropped from the hand.

The second point seems to me of much less importance; as, though his reasoning may prove that Newton erred in his explanation of *acceleration*, still it can be easily shown, I think, that a force acting as gravity is supposed to do, at an acute angle to the tangent, *would* accelerate the planet's velocity. Thus, if a weight is swung round by a cord, when the hand is held still the action of friction and gravity instantly cause the velocity of the body to slacken; but if the hand be then moved so as to slightly *lead* the swinging weight, or, in other words, if the force be applied at an acute angle to the tangent, the speed is immediately increased.

In his third position, it seems to me, the writer is wholly in error; he says:

"Newton alleges that the inertia of a revolving body tends to throw it from its orbit at a tangent. This I deny, and affirm that the inertia of a revolving body would cause it to move for ever in a curve: for, when a body is revolving, its particles have different velocities, and as each particle, if not disturbed, will preserve its own particular velocity for ever, the body will move for ever in a curve."

Certainly, if not disturbed; that is, if we leave out of the account the revolution of a planet about its own axis. But it seems plain enough that, as the particles of the earth, for instance, which are at a given time nearest the sun and have consequently the slowest motion in the orbit, have twelve hours later the greatest, the axis-revolution would seem a quite sufficient disturbance to account for the tendency to fly off at a tangent.

Though his two latter positions, then, may be tenable as showing inadvertence in Newton's reasoning, they can scarcely, I think, be considered as "facts which, when properly considered, are sufficient of themselves to destroy the received theories of astronomy."

Very respectfully, GRAVITAS.

HUNTINGTON, L. I., February 27, 1868.

THE EARTH'S INTERNAL FIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Permit me to ask two or three very simple questions, suggested by your recent remarks on volcanoes:

If the central mass of the earth be fluid, as is very commonly taught, and supposing the solid crust to be ten miles thick, the fluid mass would have a diameter of 7,980 miles. On an artificial globe of a foot in diameter the solid crust would be represented by a stratum .03 (say half of one-

sixteenth) of an inch in thickness. Suppose such a globe, with all its interior, except this thin layer, at a white heat merely, what would be the temperature of the outside?

What kind of a tide would the moon raise in this stupendous central ocean? how high would be the wave? and what chance would we poor *homunculi*, who live on the crust, stand as this colossal wave of liquid fire swelled beneath us?

BALTIMORE, February 6, 1868.

[These questions of our correspondent are rather knotty ones to answer; mainly for the reason that it is difficult for the mind to regard as facts the assumptions upon which they are started. However, we, by a shutting for the time being of the mental eye against all the analogies which bear in the case, will make a sort of jump at a response.

Well, we have first a material measuring 7,980 miles in diameter at white heat—that is, "the temperature at which bodies become incandescent." Let particular attention be given to the verb *become*, for it is an important part of the definition. It implies that the whiteness is visible only at the instant of the passage from the solid into the liquid state—in other words, that the emission of the *white light* ceases at the moment of the completion of the liquidity. From this standing-point the reason will demand the admission, in spite of every attempt to lead it astray, that the outer "layer" (being in contact with the fused nucleus) cannot but become incandescent too. Then what means have we left by which to provide for that over-lying crust, which we have accepted, for the purpose of argument? "Evethes" must allow a bit of compromising, after the manner of the politicians. Let us suppose the mass in view to have passed just a step beyond the stage of white heat. All over the surface of the interior liquid would be gathered a species of dross, such as is seen upon lead immediately after melting. Assuming this to be of the thickness of ten miles, what probably would be the temperature of its outer part? We cannot give, of course, the exact degree, coming from an actual thermometrical test; but our candid opinion is, that as the dross upon a bullet's quantity of molten lead is too hot for the hand to bear the touch of it, so it would not be safe for one to "go to meeting bare-footed" upon that under consideration.

As to the moon's tidal effect upon the internal ocean. Tides are produced under the moon in her coursings above our oceans of water; hence it is reasonable to conclude that they would be caused upon the various mineral substances, in liquid, placed in like condition with that of oceanic water. What is this condition? In the first place, there must be a very broad surface; else ponds and small lakes would exhibit tidal movements. From the fact that no movements of the kind do appear upon small bodies of water, the necessary inference is that the moon's direct action at any given point beneath her is but slight. The molecules first lifted cannot but be, comparatively, very few; and the height to which they ascend must be inappreciable. In our judgement, the full wave owes its origin to the continuous fallings forward, so to speak, of the molecules behind those drawn upward by the immediate attraction of the moon. We think our correspondent, and others whom the matter may concern, will come at our idea without our going into detail. So we leave it as thus illustrated.

The conclusion at which we have sought to arrive is, that there would be no "kind of a tide" upon the ocean bound in by its ten-miles-thick crust; hence that no wave, either "high" or low, would present itself for measurement; hence, again, that we poor crawlers upon the crust would stand in no danger of being tossed upward as prospective dwellers upon the moon. If this conclusion is wrong—that is, if the moon's influence is great enough to produce, under the circumstances given, that colossal wave of "Evethes"—he may rest (in unrest) assured that both we and the crust would have to give way before the wave could begin to form!

We quote, in connection with this discussion, the following from Mrs. Willard's *Sexology*: "When the earth commenced her rotary motion, the earthy crust that had formed on its cold side must have been comparatively thin, and the tremendous shock of righting herself in her orbit must have broken off the western continent from the eastern, and the water, pouring in between them, floated off the broken part into the western hemisphere, where it settled as a separate continent." Let him who has the requisite imagination just picture to himself the wondrous display which the running of a Behring's Strait of water upon an ocean of liquid fire made to ear and eye. There were fearful hissings and seethings infinitely awful, and myriads of marvellous rainbows spanned all the heavens!—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your kindly flattering notice of my *Poetry of Compliment and Courtship*, in *The Round Table* of this week, you nevertheless treat me to a mild dash of stricture which I hardly think I deserve. Please say on what page you found "Bayard Taylor disguised under the unfamiliar mask

of 'Jas. B. Taylor'?" I quite agree with you that such a directory-like performance would be a shabby "affectation" in editing. But I cannot find it in my copy. At the end of every poem (as in the *Folk-Songs*) I have been careful to give the poet's full name, when by any means I could ascertain it. In the *Contents* only the last name; unless to distinguish two of the same name, in which case I add merely the initials. There is but one Taylor.

Yours truly,

J. W. P.

NEW YORK, February 14, 1868.

[The foregoing letter has been hitherto unavoidably crowded out. It is due to Dr. Palmer to say that our reviewer seems to have been mistaken, the name of the poet in question being given in full in the book as James Bayard Taylor.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.*

MR. CAREY'S *Letters* stand as the requisite *raison d'être* of an examination of some of the recent writings on this subject, not because we purpose an examination of them, but for the reason that they are the mine whence have primarily been drawn the arguments most insisted upon against an international copyright treaty or enactment. The letters are worth an examination and that refutation in detail which could not well be brought into a less compass than the 88 closely printed pages which themselves fill, since they seem to us to constitute the most plausible defence possible for a totally indefensible system. But in addition to what was sophistical at the time of their original appearance, the inaccuracy of so much has been demonstrated by the fourteen years which have passed since then, and the condition of literature has so materially changed, that it is difficult to reconcile with fairness the putting forth unrevised what is calculated to impose beliefs upon those with whom the decision of the question will practically rest such as they will have neither opportunity nor disposition to verify. Mr. Carey, for instance, gives us (pp. 46-51) as a warning against anything which savors of the English system this contrast between the England then—fourteen years ago—and five-and-thirty years previously:

"At that time [fifty years ago] Great Britain, could exhibit to the world perhaps as large a body of men and women of letters, with world-wide reputation, as ever before existed in any country or nation, as will be seen from the following list:

Byron,	Wilson,	Clarkson,
Moore,	Hallam,	Landor,
Scott,	Roscoe,	Wellington,
Wordsworth,	Malthus,	Robert Hall,
Rogers,	Ricardo,	Taylor,
Campbell,	Mill,	Romilly,
Joanna Baillie,	Chalmers,	Edgeworth,
Southey,	Coleridge,	Hannah More,
Gifford,	Heber,	Dalton,
Jeffrey,	Bentham,	Dary,
Sydney Smith,	Brown,	Wollaston,
Brougham,	Mackintosh,	The Herschels,
Horne,	Stewart,	Dr. Clarke,

DeQuincey was then just coming on the stage. Crabbe, Shelley, Keats, Croly, Hazlitt, Lockhart, Lamb, Hunt, Galt, Lady Morgan, Miss Mitford, Horace Smith, Hook, Milman, Miss Austen, and a host of others were already on it."

"The whole tendency of the 'cheap labor' system, so generally approved by English writers, is to destroy the value of literary labor by increasing the number of persons who must look to the pen for means of support, and by diminishing the market for its products. What has been the effect of the system will now be shown by placing before you a list of the names of all existing British authors whose reputation can be regarded as of wide extent, as follows:

Tennyson,	Thackeray,	Grote,	McCulloch,
Carlyle,	Bulwer,	Macaulay,	Hamilton,
Dickens,	Alison,	J. S. Mill,	Faraday.

This list is very small as compared with that presented in the same field five-and-thirty years since, and its difference in weight is still greater than in number. Scott, the novelist and poet, may certainly be regarded as the counterpoise of much more than any one of the writers of fiction in this list. Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Campbell enjoyed a degree of reputation far exceeding that of Tennyson. . . . Extraordinary as is the existence of such a state of things in a country claiming so much to abound in wealth, it is yet more extraordinary that we look around in vain to see who are to replace even these when age or death shall withdraw them from the literary world. Of all here named, Mr. Thackeray is the only one that has risen to reputation in the last ten years, and he is no longer young; and even he seeks abroad that reward for his efforts which is denied to him by the 'cheap labor' system at home. Of the others, nearly, if not quite, all have been for thirty years before the world, and, in the natural course of things, some of them must disappear from the stage of authorship, if not of life. If we seek their successors among the writers for the weekly or monthly journals, we shall certainly fail to find them."

It is safe to say that four-fifths of the people whom Mr. Carey labors to convince will accept this deduction implicitly, and that even additional weight will be attached to it by such of them as chance to know that of the twelve named as constituting "all existing British authors whose reputation can be regarded as of any wide extent" six exist no longer, and that two others have apparently abandoned literary labor. Yet

* *Letters on International Copyright.* By H. C. Carey, Author of *Principles of Social Science.* Second Edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

—without challenging the estimate that makes Scott "the counterpoise of much more than" Thackeray, or even than Dickens; or that exalts Moore, Rogers, and Campbell above Tennyson; or the difference in the standards applied in the two lists—it can simply be held unfair almost to dishonesty, in a writer so well aware of the power of his *ipse dixit* as Mr. Carey, to contrast the literary activity of half-a-century ago with the lull of the later day, while making no reference to a revived activity at the present time—when, considering not solely the calibre of the writers, but the number, especially of women, who subsist by the pen, the greater number of channels opened, the ampler remuneration attainable, and the quality of very recent productions in fiction, poetry, *belles-lettres*, essays, history, and popular science, both the work and the condition of the average English *littérateur* are much more satisfactory than at the day to which he alludes—which thoroughly refutes his theory, if there were only any hope of making his readers aware of the fact. Altogether, a production more replete with delusions, now happily exploded, we have rarely encountered. But it is sufficient for our purpose to say, as indeed we may do of all arguments against the international copyright, and in this case without fear of contradiction, that there is not one adduced which does not apply with equal force to the granting of any copyright at all—an opposition made by no civilized nation in the world.

We are not now attempting to present the affirmative argument, for the reason among others that, with such clearness as we are capable of, we have recently collected in two articles (*The Round Table*, Nos. 130, 132) the considerations which establish conclusively to our mind, first, the equity, second, the expediency, of the international copyright, and they would gain nothing by reiteration. We have at present, therefore, merely to exemplify the principal erroneous conceptions on the matter which are being passed with applause and obviously without reflection from one newspaper to another, and most of which are traceable more or less directly to Mr. Carey. The equity of the measure, it is to be premised, seems to be conceded, or evaded, or ignored—never seriously attacked. Mr. Carey, in his preface dated last December, does himself the discredit to dispose of the argument that we owe to foreign authors remuneration for the pleasure and profit we get from their labors, by the *ad captandum* sentiment—

"When we shall have determined to grant to the widows and children of the men who in the last half dozen years have perished in the public service some slight measure of justice, it may be time to consider that question, but until then it should most certainly be deferred."

—as if because we are unjust and niggardly in a great matter we must therefore be dishonest and mean in a less one! *The American Athenæum* is bolder, or perhaps we should say more shameless; it argues thus:

"The real call for a copyright law does not come from Americans, but from a source entitled to no respect or consideration from Americans. It comes from England, from Englishmen.* . . . The resistance to this call may be unjust, it may be taking English ideas and 'peddling them about,' but we make no attempt to evade the responsibility of saying that we have no wish to be over-just to England. We owe her nothing."†

Similar opinions to these were expressed by Mr. Charles Merriam, the publisher, who however, on more mature consideration, receded from his position, as we think every honest man, if dispassionate—and otherwise his honesty avails little—must do, as soon as he becomes aware of its nature,—aware, that is, that he is advocating the doctrine that men who find themselves wronged, themselves being the judges, are thereby justified in doing another wrong, and one which will in general be chiefly felt by people who had no part in the original offence. Nevertheless, plain as the rights of the matter may be, it is so evidently the case that the argument of honesty is popularly of little weight, that we are reluctantly compelled to rest the whole case on the ignoble one of advantage, and take up the points chiefly dwelt upon in opposition to the measure.

Of all objections to international copyright the most strongly urged and, indeed, strongest in all respects is that its immediate effect will be to increase the price of books, and in some form or other this is enforced

by every opponent we have found, from Mr. Carey down—and a long way down does the gradation extend.* Granting for the moment the accuracy of the supposition, and that, because books would be cheaper to the people by paying nothing to their producers, we should refuse such payment; the argument involves an assent to the exactly similar proposition that, because it is for the public welfare that bread and meat should be cheap, therefore only the transportation companies which bring them to market should receive payment, and should be absolved from any obligations to farmer or stock-breeder,—or, if we chose to be merciful to the home producer, that the merchandise or provisions of all foreigners, wherever found, should be at the disposal of the "enterprising" person who should seize them and, by selling them cheap in the home market, become a public benefactor. But we believe that the original admission is entirely gratuitous, and that the payment of copyright to the author would not increase the price of books. The copyright should not be regarded as a tax collected by the publisher from the readers, but, to quote the luminous and concise report of Mr. Baldwin, of the House committee, on the subject, "the price paid for security in the market;" and, as the report goes on to say, "this guarantee against injury from rival editions is an advantage for which we can afford to pay handsomely," so that "with this protection he would be able to sell the book cheaper, and readers would have books more beautifully manufactured in all respects."

Competition is a thing so seductive to buyers that we cannot wonder at its seeming more desirable in the matter of book-making than a closer inspection will show it to be. One test ought to be conclusive:—Are reprints of English works (in which competition is unlimited) to be bought for less than American books of the same quality, and of which one publisher has exclusive control?—if not, this argument fails. Except in a few of what may at first sight appear exceptional instances there is no such difference in price, and in the exceptional cases—such as the very cheap editions of *Dickens*—nothing can be more certain than that for whatever a publisher loses or fails to make by their sale he will indemnify himself by increasing the price of other books whose sale is sure, so that the book-buying public which gets its *Dickens* for 20 per cent. less, but pays 25 per cent. more for—we will say—its *Longfellow* or its *Mühlbach*, is no better off, beside knowing that in any individual case one is probably paying for what somebody else than one's self is to profit by. Certainly no abnormal and perturbing influences of this sort can contribute to a healthy state of the publishing trade, one beneficial to all of the three parties to it. Those who cherish such a delusion would do well to consider that, if their views were correct, under his "monopoly" privileges every publisher would ask such prices for the works of writers of assured reputation as are in fact never heard of; and, further, to enquire whether the legitimate kind of competition, that most universally beneficial, be a competition between different editions of a single author or one between different works in which their authors have endeavored to gain favor by intrinsic merit. Against anticipations of an increased cost of books is also to be set this weighty fact—that, in this country at least, the appeal of authors and publishers alike is to the many; that the question of every one who makes newspaper, magazine, or book is not, How much can I make the public pay for this? but, How low can I afford to sell it? The motives are in part of the nobler sort into which dollars and cents do not enter, but of the latter sort are the very important money considerations of many kinds which attach to large circulation, the reputation of the writer and consequent demand for his services, both in the individual work and in other works already published or to be published in the future. There need be no fear that

* The baldest statement we have seen of the prevailing sentiment is this, by *The New York Express*:

"Protecting brains is a very different matter from protecting crops or other tangible property. It is necessary for the public welfare that books should be cheap, and an international copyright would make them dear—would convert them into monopolized wares purchasable only by the wealthy. Besides, men raise and sell their crops without a copyright. No law says that the purchaser of their wheat and rye shall not do what he likes with them—reproduce them a thousand-fold if he can."

For the very good reason, as every one must see whose perceptive powers are not beneath contempt, that such "reproduction" is impossible, otherwise we should assuredly have "smart" merchants reproducing the fruits of their industrious neighbors' toil by photography or stereotyping or what not. The book to which a man has devoted years of thought and work and large expenditure in the collection of material is *his* in precisely the manner a crop belongs to the farmer who has given (or bought) some months of manual labor for its production. To object to the author's claim that it is a monopoly is precisely as reasonable as to bring the same charge against the farmer's bank account, and we all know what comes of "reproducing" checks or bank-notes. Yet this precious piece of trash, with more like it, which one would expect the most unlettered lout to scout as an insult to his understanding, is being copied by newspapers throughout the country, with the prefatory statement that "it hits the nail right on the head"!†

in America it will ever become the policy of publishers to sell small editions at large prices.

To misapprehensions of the essential social differences between America and England are attributable many of the fallacious deductions of Mr. Carey and his followers, who assume, first, that by international copyright we are, in some manner unexplained, to liken ourselves, in all respects, to England; and next, that whatever injures her benefits us, and *vice versa*. Thus, a journal usually so reasonable as *The New Orleans Picayune* gravely proceeds to say:

"As to what the effects of such grant of international privilege would be upon this country, may be inferred from the fact that books are so dear in England that most readers have to resort to circulating libraries to read the works of such authors as Mr. Dickens, and that the latter has grown immensely wealthy by the sale of his books, at very high prices, to the aristocracy, who can afford to pay them, and to these circulating libraries, while, in this country, nearly every one in moderate circumstances can buy a full set of his novels."

It ought not to be necessary to give reasons for such differences in defence of an international copyright, which has nothing to do with them. One difference is in the character of the people. An Englishman, for instance, of a higher social class than the American who takes a daily paper, half-a-dozen weeklies, and a monthly or two, will club with one or more neighbors to take *The Times* between them. Such a man, of course, however cheap books might be, so long as he could borrow or draw from a library, would never buy any. But, aside from this, the whole distribution of wealth and culture is dissimilar. The percentage of American book-buyers is eight or ten times that of buyers in England, because the percentage of the requisite degree of intelligence is as much more general. The matter is purely one of supply and demand. American publishers make books for many thousands of readers, the very great majority of whom are far from rich, so the books are cheap; English publishers provide for a few thousand mainly of wealthy persons, whose taste demands a quality of workmanship such as we rarely see, and for which they are ready to pay and we are not. As well as we can make out, the large number of our contemporaries who have instituted comparisons in this matter of price have done so by means of priced catalogues, and have not been aware of the substantial difference between English books and ours. Their rich bindings, profuse illustrations, maps and plans, creamy paper, large print, open page—filling three volumes with what we would force into one, to the destruction of our eyes—cost more to be sure, but are worth much more than the difference, as may be seen from a comparison of price in the rare instances in which an American book is so made as to approach them in quality of workmanship. As to the libraries, it is after all a matter for private judgement whether \$5 is better expended in the three or four books it will buy, or in a subscription which permits one to read as many books as he can in a year. Certainly we should be slow to grant that circulating libraries, like Mudie's, are things to be depreciated in the interest of the education of popular taste. And as to our cheap books, until very recently indeed they have been of the sort known as cheap and nasty, and not only has the elevation of the more costly books been secured by modelling them upon English publications, but the innovation of books at once cheap and handsome—e.g., *The Handy-Volume Shakespeare*, and various editions of Bulwer, Scott, etc., etc.—was inaugurated abroad and closely imitated here,—a process which international copyright would greatly facilitate.

Desirable as it is to multiply cheap books, it has not seemed to us, as it would appear to do to most of our contemporaries, the most important consideration in the matter. An international copyright, we are very confident, would promote it, but incidentally; whereas its most immediate effect would be to give American literature, for the first time, a chance for its life. It is a fact from which there is no escape that home writers—we allude, of course, to those of the better grade, not to writers of slop and melodramatic novels—cannot receive adequate remuneration so long as publishers can get without cost as much as they will. Months ago we challenged any refutation of the assertion that there is not now in the country—with perhaps two exceptions—a writer of eminence who lives by his pen,—one, that is, who does not rely upon his private fortune or an income from business or a profession for the means of living which abroad are to be derived from literary pursuits. This branch of the subject ramifies indefinitely. In the first place, we have throughout the country weeklies and monthlies by the hundred, including many which disclaim any secondary rank in point of respectability, which are made up, avowedly or covertly, of stories, essays, poems, wood-cuts taken entirely from English publi-

* The general currency given to this statement justifies our quoting from our articles above referred to. Among the very many advocates and petitioners for international copyright named in them are—Henry Clay, Washington Irving, Rufus Choate, John Quincy Adams, C. J. Ingersoll, Horace Mann, E. Joy Morris, John Jay, Wm. H. Prescott, Wm. C. Bryant, J. Fenimore Cooper, James Russell Lowell, Jared Sparks, Parke Godwin, Mark Hopkins, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Parton, Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis, R. H. Stoddard, Noah Porter, John G. Saxe, Wm. Swinton, Samuel G. Arnold, W. D. Howells, Frederick Law Olmsted, E. P. Whipple, S. Austin Allibone, Benson J. Lossing, Charles Eliot Norton, George S. Hillard, Theodore D. Woodsey, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow.

† The number of *The Athenæum* from which we quote "owes" 22 of its 45 columns to English periodicals, beside 5 to a French source.

cations,—all of which American writers ought to produce and be paid for. Nor is this by any means the worst of it. With no hindrance to their appropriating the best writing of the world, wholly without cost, periodicals of this sort divert their legitimate patronage from those which are doing their best in behalf of American literature, so that, in the first place, it is impossible for the latter to pay their contributors adequately and so command well organized *corps* of writers, whereby the public loses some of the best thought and deliberate treatment of current topics; and, next, we have no literary class like that of European centres, but, in lieu of it, a swarm partly of stupid and worthless drudges, partly of young writers who are obliged to seek in fiction and sensational writing of various sorts the employment they ought to obtain in more legitimate and profitable shape. The bad effects of all this upon the condition of journalism and the popular taste are hardly to be overestimated and cannot be generally realized except by contrast with the new order of things we hope in no long time to see. One of the earliest consequences of the international copyright enactment would infallibly be a multiplication and an enlargement of first-class weekly and monthly publications, an increase of their resources, the importation into their staffs of contributors of men and women of greater calibre than can often now be so employed; and, consequent upon all this, an ultimate diminution or reform in the disreputable and sensational press.

Refutation of misstatements is inevitably more prolix than the presentation of facts, and we still find minor, yet still important, errors which we cannot now expose. All apprehensions as to the result of the copyright are, we believe, as chimerical as those we have examined; while, on the other hand, are the very substantial considerations concisely summarized in Mr. Baldwin's congressional report. "We are the only great nation of the civilized world," says that document, "that has failed to secure the benefit of such laws. We alone have neglected to change the antiquated and vicious policy that allows our authors to be plundered in foreign countries, represses literary development in our own country, makes the business of publishers, to a considerable extent, speculative and uncertain, and encourages the circulation here of the most worthless English books instead of the better books from other countries and from our own writers, which, under the operation of suitable copyright laws, would exclude them from the market."

SHAKESPEARE'S BEDLAM.*

JEAN PAUL somewhere remarks that monodramatic men, men of a single talent, are rarely, and men of multitudinous powers are almost always, misapprehended; and we think it nowhere better exemplified than in the fame of Shakespeare, both in regard to the overestimate, or rather misconception, of what human genius is, and the underestimation of the collective intelligence, if not philosophy, of mankind at large. There is nothing more apparent in the history of mind than that a great intellect is mainly the culminating power of preceding traits. Every supreme intelligence is fitly portrayed by the trite metaphor of the burning-glass which merely collects without intensifying individually the scattered rays. Every master-spirit is largely sympathetic, if not by direct personal intercourse, at least by psychological affiliation, with traits that best mate with its own; and such a being stands forth not an isolated fact, but bound and interlaced with the world's thought and meaning. We need not hesitate to say that the more supreme the man the closer his sympathy with the average mass and the general intelligence. Thus every seerful investigator who has linked his name with some great problem solved or human amelioration advanced, has been more a representative of general undefined thought made direct and purposeful than a pioneer independent in his movements. We know that, long before a science becomes nomenclatured, it can exist without precision in the combined knowledge of the world. Here one will know a half-fact; there another will understand its complement; but the trouble is there is no third person who is cognizant of what each of the others knows, and can make the grand combination which is to render the whole known to all men. The men who do this are clear-headed observers, who do not fail to see all that is to be seen, and understand it when they see it; who do not forget what they have learned in one direction when a new set of observations are presented in another; and who can see the connecting link of the two sets when

other men cannot. Such men are the world's great seers, the multitudinous explorers that are so often misjudged, and by none so frequently or so lamentably as by the very men who ought best to comprehend them.

One would think that a man of this description like Shakespeare, who has been the cause of blotting more paper than almost any other mortal, might have reached by this time a pinnacle to be easily observed by all, and never suffer more from the looming or mirage of these earthly vapors. Yet it is only your common kind of fame that draws men on in uniform estimation. A supreme name begets stand-points, as some monster tree sends up a forest of saplings from its roots; they all derive sustenance from a common soil, but each preserves an individual character in spite of a quasi-likeness. The multitude of these offshoots of this one fame of all England is something marvellous. We should judge from data before us that a complete bibliography of Shakespeare in all tongues, his works and their commentators, would embrace not far from three thousand titles—a number not to be sought in comparison except under such names as Homer, Dante, and Goethe.

Shakespeare long ago elicited all the direct observation possible, and even his phases of a supposititious sort have become rather stale. He was said to have himself exhausted worlds and then imagined new. His critics have emulated his example, and, having run through all the possibilities, have got into the impossibilities. They busied themselves for a while with Shakespeare the playwright; they then refined the matter by considering him as the poet; next they elevated the pride of the groundlings to a philosopher; and have of late years worked him up into prophecy, if not into godship. This is mainly the work of experts, and, if not by this means alone, we should on general grounds be doubtful of the trust it is asked of us to repose on the opinions of such men. We do not mean to say that Lord Campbell is not abundantly able to say whether Shakespeare understood the common law of England; or some professed physiologist may not exceeding well pronounce upon his fearful and wonderful make of the human structure; or some scientific savant may not rightfully decide upon his observation in any one of these professorial departments; or that Sir Henry Hallford, Dr. Bucknill, Dr. Ray, or Dr. Kellogg may not determine how exact the poet's cognizance was of their life-long specialty; but we do mean to say that they have no reason to claim him as specially theirs—that he was, say, a lawyer, a physiologist, a psychologist, or what else, by any other right than that of being a poet, with the powers the German Rückert allows him, that

"He oft will find
The course to be run
Is easiest won
By being *divined*."

The expert and the poet come to the same conclusions, but their processes are very different; though, perhaps, the difference may consist more in the fact that while the man of science is exploring a region which he is at first ignorant of, the poet has the intuitive perception which tells him all the devices of "short cuts" and "cross lots." He knows the fording places of the streams, where the ditches can best be leaped, where to avoid the quicksands and the mire, and can thus pursue a road much shorter than the beaten track of regular science. When the expert finds the layman at the same goal with himself he is apt to think his rival reached it by the only path which he knows—a scientific development of knowledge. Here is just the fallacy of the testimony of an expert in matters like these which Dr. Kellogg undertakes to pronounce upon. He sees results only through the vista of prescribed rules; he confounds a mere poetic divination, acting with keen observation, with scientific attainments.

Shakespeare's mind was certainly an uncommon one, if we may be allowed so palpable a truism; but its action was normal and by no means abnormal. When such a piece of psychological mechanism as the mind of a "maker," as the Greeks called a poet, is in working order, the common man looks at its adaptation of parts with something of awe; the man of science, when he beholds it running upon bearings of his own branch of knowledge without their having been built up by the processes of acquisition so familiar to him, is likely to look upon the marvel as a manifestation of the supernatural. The men of near kinship to such a man—men like Goethe and Coleridge—in judging of Shakespeare himself, never fall into this error. From experience within themselves they know what the divination element in a man can do. They do not look at affairs through any narrow vista of

their own specialty, for they have none. Universality and versatility understand the like in other men, and are not misled by any specious fancy that the broadening mind is necessarily a superficial one. Therefore their estimate of a man of multitudinous powers is a sensible one. They see no godship in him; only humanity carried in their own plane to the highest development. It is not great men who have gone crazy over Shakespeare, but narrow men who have found their own specialty so thoroughly understood by him that they could conceive it possible in no light but that of a fortuitous divinity. The reader will understand just what we think of the book before us, and there is hardly a necessity of our making out a statement of his "case" in evidence. Dr. Kellogg has done no new thing; others before him have marshalled the testimony to Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of the cerebral maladies in much the same manner. Dr. Bucknill's *Psychology of Shakespeare* is a book to nearly the same purport. It is very gratifying to our sense of Shakespeare's superiority to have the certificate of these experts to the precision of his comprehension of such subjects; but we cannot jump at these gentlemen's conclusions. Much that they credit Shakespeare with was doubtless no more than pervading impressions among men, which, put into the crucible of his mind, at once took definite foreshadowings of what patient plodding was to develop under the name of science. "We believe (says Dr. Kellogg) a very complete physiological and psychological system could be deduced from the writings of Shakespeare—a system in complete accordance in almost every essential particular with that which we now possess as the result of the scientific research and experience of the last two centuries." This is very positive testimony, and doubtless in some measure true, though perhaps not to the extent our author has worked himself into believing. We have seen many before Dr. Kellogg find evidence in the plays that Shakespeare knew of the circulation of the blood long before Harvey proclaimed the discovery; and it is very probable he shared the suspicions of such a condition of things with many others who gave attention to the matter in anticipation of the problem's being absolutely solved by Harvey. This has been the case with most of the great discoveries of science. Gunpowder and the photograph offer two cases in point. A poet's dream of some magician's blasting a way into the bowels of the earth, or his fancy of some artificial eye that was to retain on its retina the visions that it had experienced, are too completely within the province of the seerful faculty that by right belongs to the poet to be ever taken in evidence of his special powers of induction in any science. It is in this way that the chance expressions of Shakespeare, which seem to imply his perception of the arterial system, ought doubtless to be taken; and we do injustice to the poet in hoping to install the man of science by not allowing this prerogative.

Curious as Dr. Kellogg's book is, and affording evidence as it does of the supreme mental functions of Shakespeare, it can hardly be to a circumspect admirer of the poet other than a futile attempt to class a poet among those with whom he has no connection. In all that Shakespeare portrays of cerebral excitement in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth* it is not easy to convince his truest admirers that he was deeper in the secret of psychological delineation than any acutely observing man of his day, though he may have possessed superior powers of combination; and if, "after near two centuries and a half, we have little to add to what Shakespeare appears to have known of these intricate subjects," it is rather a reflection on the weakness of science than a statement to his credit. Any household experience with an insane man would have enabled Shakespeare, without being a specialist, to make the physician of *Lear* recommend quiet and aloofness of the exciting cause, or would have shown him that crazy men cannot "re-word" a sentence correctly when requested, as he makes Hamlet put forth as a test of real or simulated madness. These were the merest matters of active observation; and Shakespeare showed his fitness for the task in many other specialties, as the experts are ready to testify. Meanwhile, there is with those who understand Shakespeare as a poet should be understood, quite a different estimate.

GEMMA.*

THAT truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction we are ready to believe, but that it may be made equally entertaining, if strictly adhered to in the pages

* *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide.* By A. O. Kellogg, M.D., Assistant Physician State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

* *Gemma: A Novel.* By T. A. Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1863.

of a novel, is not so easily to be conceded. Mr. Trollope has availed himself of one of those terrible episodes which occur in Italian life, and has made it the groundwork of his present novel. He has, he says, told the tale as it was told to him, and truth must therefore be answerable for such defects as the reader may find in the story. The situations are striking, and into many of the scenes the author has thrown an unwonted degree of dramatic power. Graphic in his illustrations of the manners of the times, entertaining in his passing remarks, pictorial in his descriptions, while at the same time thoroughly versed in the history of Italy, and, from his long residence there, intimately acquainted with the condition of the people, Mr. Trollope's work is scarcely less instructive than interesting. He has a happy faculty of keeping constantly in mind the marked peculiarities of the country wherein the scene of his story is laid; the reader is imperceptibly carried into a foreign atmosphere; he breathes Italian air, basks in the genial sunshine of Italy's bright sky, enters with awe and reverence her glorious old churches, roams through her gloomy, tenantless palaces—those relics of bygone ages, still splendid in their decay; he laughs with her smiling, lazy peasantry, and becomes, under the author's guidance, almost reconciled to the absence of all comfortable surroundings. To understand how such a story as *Gemma* can be possible, we must betake ourselves, we fancy, to the place where its action occurred, and we must thank the author for so admirably preserving the local coloring throughout his book as to make the imaginary transportation easy. In the old Etruscan town of Sienna the story opens, just at the hour when the "Angelus," or mid-day bell, was sounding its grateful call:

"It is a welcome sound, that of the Angelus in an Italian city; for if it does not in every case call, as it should do, the hearer to at least the passing ejaculatory prayer that is supposed to accompany the rapid movement of the fingers forming the sign of the cross on breast or brow, it at all events is recognized as the welcome call to rest from labor and to cessation from almost every occupation. Down fall spade and sickle, hod and trowel, saw and plane, at the first sound of the bell, as if every hand were smitten with sudden paralysis. Shop-doors are shut, blinds are drawn down; the shopman dozes at his counter, the laborer throws himself at length in the shade at the base of a wall. It is the hour of the 'desinare,' of the 'leaving off,' as is the characteristic literal signification of the phrase which has become the popular name of the noon-tide meal. But the most welcome portion to the Tuscan laborer of what the Angelus brings with it is not his food—his crust and onion, and bunch of grapes—but repose; two hours of *dolce far niente*. Two whole hours! For from twelve till two no Tuscan man will hear of submission to the primeval curse."

On that particular day there was an exception to the general repose at noon. At the convent of Santa Teresa Sulla Costa the young ladies who were placed for purposes of education with the worthy Benedictine Sisters were engaged in what may be irreverently called a "row;" they had been guilty of a terrible misdemeanor, and the principal delinquent was the beautiful and haughty Dianora Orsini, the descendant of the illustrious and once powerful family of that name. Proud of her noble lineage and conscious of her great personal attractions, Dianora formed a striking contrast to the gentle, fairy-like daughter of the old bookseller, Domenico Venturi—the lovely and amiable Gemma; they were nearly of the same age, and were about to finish their convent life at the same time. Gemma was innocent of all participation in the scrape in which Dianora confessed herself to be implicated, and for which the latter was doomed to incarceration, while the bookseller's daughter, to the joy of the whole sisterhood, was sent home rejoicing. The great admiration which Gemma feels for the descendant of the Orsini is met by strong antagonism on the part of the latter, and she inadvertently attracts the attention of the young Count Gino Donati, to whom Dianora has been affianced from infancy. Gino, notwithstanding his engagement, falls in love at first sight with Venturi's daughter, who with equal precipitancy reciprocates his affection. The proud daughter of a long line of princes, and who is a strong-minded young lady, after the fashion of Italians, then conceives the horrible project which, aided by a certain haggish old woman and an unprincipled professor, she to a certain extent carries out. The character of Dianora is purely national, and belongs more to the past than to the present age. Great as is the measure of her guilt, her bearing is always lofty, her pride and dignity subordinate only to her unconquerable love for Gino, and she is by no means so repulsive a personage as the pitifully mean instrument of her cruelty. In aiding her to accomplish her designs the professor had his own selfish aims constantly in view, and one of the most powerful scenes in the book is that wherein he urges his claims upon her consideration. Every expression of his love only serves to increase her loathing; her evident repugnance to him exasperates his anger without diminishing the force of his passion. Stung by remorse, the better nature of Dianora asserts

itself, and she is anxious to stop short of the completion of the horrible crime she had once meditated against her rival. It is then that her most severe struggles commence, and that the misguided girl enlists our pity. After a dangerous encounter in the house of the old crone and a stormy debate with the professor she is thoroughly exhausted, and pauses to rest by the way-side:

"Had a painter been in search of the impersonation of a sibyl, not when the prophetic affluents was on her, but when reaction after the excitement of inspiration had left her to Cassandra-like meditation on woe to come, he might have found a rarely perfect embodiment of his ideal in the figure of Dianora, as she sat looking into the distance and into the future."

"It is of the nature of moral evil to choose the moment when its consequences seem to be closing around the sinner for the revealing of its naturally hideous aspect to the mind, too obfuscated by passion and ignorance to have previously appreciated its real nature. In the language of those who assist their conceptions of the invisible and the abstract by symbolizing and impersonating them, it is a well known trick of the malice of the fiend to turn round on the wretch whom he has succeeded in enmeshing by fallacious representations, at the moment when the net is closing around him, and show him with mocking grin his own true aspect and the fatal mastery of the situation which he has been able to attain."

"This was the point to which Dianora had come. The fiend had inveigled her, had made his position good, and she saw no way of escape."

"Shocking, awful, as is the contemplation of a young girl, pure-hearted, save for the black poison-drop distilled into it by maddening jealousy, lashed on by the fury of that passion to the crime of murder, the poison was not of such a nature as necessarily and at once to corrupt the entire soul."

"That Dianora should love the man whom she had been taught to love, and who, she had believed, loved her, with so intense and all-mastering a love that the thought of his loving another should be intolerable to her, was more than excusable; it was right and good that it should be so. What she felt on that score was surely and truly human and normal. The natural savage instinct, exacerbated by the intense social pride, which she had been taught, should have been quelled by the higher law of principles, which she had never been taught, and by a power of self-control which no discipline had ever rendered possible to her."

"The professor's crime proved it well-nigh—it may, perhaps, be said quite—impossible that any good or pure thing should be found in him. Dianora's crime argued no such universal depravity. And from this disparity arose the erroneous estimate of the shrewd, clever man who was occupied, as he stood watching the despairing girl, in calculation on the working and the results of her despair."

Mr. Trollope has studied the peculiarities of the Italians in a spirit of liberal tolerance. He abstains from all exhibition of national prejudice, endeavors to speak fairly of unfamiliar usages, and to describe the life and manners of the people with care and fidelity. One great merit of the book is the clear insight it gives us of the daily life and customs of the nobility, the citizens, and the peasantry of Italy, including their past and present relations toward each other; and an interesting picture is given of the long-retained homely simplicity of the middle classes. Mr. Trollope exhibits wisdom in abstaining from the discussion of those vexed questions of religion and politics by which unhappy Italy has of late been distracted.

That Mr. Trollope has done more than justice to the subject of his novel there can be no doubt; but it is to be regretted that he should not have bestowed his labors upon a story purely of his own invention, which this is not, for *Gemma*, while interesting enough, is scarcely worthy of the excellent setting he has bestowed upon it.

LIBRARY TABLE.

COUNT LUCANOR; or, The Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio, written by the Prince Don Juan Manuel, A.D. 1335-1347. First done into English by James York, Doctor of Medicine, MDCCCLXVIII. London: Basil Montagu Pickering; New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.—This very neat little volume has two distinct claims to attention—first as a good and readable and extremely quaint little book, delightful to take up and snatch five minutes' reading from it; but chiefly as a curiosity of literature.

In the latter respect its whole history is interesting, and a special interest has attached to it from the fact that two of its editions, those of Seville, 1575, and Madrid, 1642—as the last *Atlantic* mentions of the former, *à propos* of there being a copy in the Philadelphia Library—are noted among bibliomaniacs as among the rarest books in the world. But this characteristic of it begins with its author. Don Juan Manuel, Dr. York tells us in a fuller and so more interesting sketch than we can pretend to give, was of royal lineage; educated at court by his cousin, Sancho IV., and promoted by Ferdinand IV. to the highest employments in the state, he became on the death of that king one of the regents of Alfonso XI. Circumstances forced him into a rebellion, in consequence of which the king refused to marry the daughter of Don Juan to whom he was betrothed, and who therefore was wedded to the heir-apparent of Portugal; after which Don Juan, making his peace with the king, commanded in the war against the Moors, and died, aged sixty-five, in 1347. In such a life, of regencies, revolts, and Moorish wars, there would be little time or inclination, one might suppose, for literary relaxation, especially as the age was that of Dante and Chaucer, long before the invention of printing, and when—for Don Juan eschewed the dog-Latin in universal use among scholars and was one of the first to write in Castilian—there was little in Spain that he might derive assistance from by way of example. Ticknor states, however, in his *Spanish Liter-*

ature—though Dr. York says nothing of it, and Hallam makes no mention at all of Don Juan or any of his works—that he wrote twelve distinct books, one of them a poem, all of which he had copied in a large volume and took other precautions for their preservation; notwithstanding which, *Count Lucanor* is the only one now known to be in existence, though Mr. Ticknor thinks others, perhaps three, may still be recovered. After the rare editions already mentioned, there were others published in this century at Stuttgart, Paris, and Barcelona; but the first complete one, and the first in which was secured a standard text formed by collating the MSS., was that of Madrid, 1860. It is from this, we infer, that Dr. York has made his translation, which has only been anticipated by one into German by Eichendorff and one into French (1854) by Adolphe de Puibusque, to whose researches we are in part indebted for Dr. York's very excellent notes.

For the book itself, aside from any such exoteric recommendations, it is delicious. The fifty stories, coming as they do within less than 250 pages so loosely printed that they might be contained within 20 of the pages of *The Round Table* by the use of the type before our readers, are necessarily short and pithy. Seeking and desiring to serve God, Don Juan tells us in his *Prologue*, and for the benefit of the "many men [who] do not understand subtle or abstract matters, . . . therefore I, Don Juan, son of the Infant Don Manuel, Governor of the frontiers and kingdom of Murcia, composed this book, using therein the choicest expressions I could find; introducing also many examples which may benefit those who hear them; . . . so that all who read it may be benefited and amused at the same time, and that they shall not have the excuse to say that, being tiresome and dry, the good advice therein was lost." And the excellent Don has succeeded thoroughly, so that five centuries and a quarter from his day it would not be easy to find amusement blended with moral instruction in a form more palatable to readers whether of sixteen or sixty. The manner of the stories is thus:—Count Lucanor, being in a perplexity of some sort, narrates the circumstances to his friend Patronio, asking his advice; and Patronio is in each case, after the manner of Mr. Lincoln, reminded of a little story which is invariably most apt; so that at its close, with the same regularity which characterizes the opening, "Don Juan, considering this to be a good example, caused it to be written in this book, and made these verses, which say" [we quote, for example, the first, than which we find none more applicable]:

"If any good thou doest, how small soever,
Let it be nobly done, for good deeds live for ever."

The Great Exhibition; with Continental Sketches, Practical and Humorous. By Howard Payson Arnold. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.—Mr. Arnold, we think, has hit upon an unfortunate title for his very amusing book. To be sure, the Exhibition was in fact the text for a large portion of the letters to which we used to turn, as they originally appeared in *The Boston Post*, with a strong sense of relief at emerging into an entirely different atmosphere from that circumscribed about the average newspaper correspondent on the Continent. But it is so short a time since that irrepressible personage took advantage of the Exhibition to disport himself in all his glory, that the public has scarcely had time to recover from a satiety of "Exposition" literature which might not unnaturally occasion a prepossession against these very lively sketches that is wholly undeserved. For Mr. Arnold is a *rara avis* among writers of travel, and as little like the professional correspondent or amateur book-maker as need be—always vivacious and witty, dextrous in selecting the really salient points which they are too much occupied with the obvious and ephemeral ones to discern; and with an instinctive affinity for fun which seems to guide to any that may be astir with the precision of the vulture to its game, and this supplemented by a felicity at fixing it in colors wholly unlike the business-like productions of Mr. Sala, Mr. Ross Browne, and other recognized humorists whose *chefs-d'œuvre* have generally something about them suggestive of their having been made to order. Besides, he has an unusual range of subjects on which he can acquire himself more than creditably—literature, art, history, politics, engineering, manufactures, amusements, society, all the universality of topics which are usually the joint production of an assorted editorial corps,—yet, though there is sometimes a thought too much of allusions which it will require a more than commonly well-read reader to follow, there is never a *souffçon* of pedantry, of cramming, or, above all, of the guide-book. In a word, the sketches have the ease and elegance of a man of culture writing for the eye of friends of his own condition, and the tact which has effected this result is by no means among their least praiseworthy traits.

For so sprightly a book it is one whose structure is remarkably ill-adapted to illustrative quotation within such limits as we can afford. Moreover, no one citation could give a clue to the diversity of tastes to which the book appeals. The lover of travels and of manners and customs may seize upon, we will say, every fourth or fifth chapter for his especial behoof; any one in quest of literary information will find most readable passages upon the Imperial Library, the immense publishing establishment of Hachette et Cie, the mode in which M. Doré's spirited illustrations are produced, the Paris literati, together with constant incidental digressions; then one may see the Eddystone Light-house, sub-Parisian Paris, manifestations of all manner of ingenuities and mechanical triumphs; while as to humor,

while it is never suppressed for many consecutive pages, there are several chapters compact with it, among them those styled *Gentle Dulness at Dinner*, *Travelling Eccentricities*, *Divers Facetiae*, *Ham and his Friends*, and *A Yankee all Abroad*. The notable person to whom the latter is devoted is especially delightful; turning up in the first instance at Terni, visited only for its waterfall, he addresses our author with, "Much acquainted here in the city, stranger?"—he was travelling, it seems, by *Harper's Guide-Book*, had seen an allusion therein to the waterfall, but "thought I wouldn't foot it out there," and gave cause for his presence at the disagreeable place by the fact that there was a large dot against it on the map, and that all places so designated he made a business of visiting, a mode of procedure which afterward occasioned another encounter in the old amphitheatre at Nice, where, gazing on the tiers of stone seats, his salutation is, "Really, now, you don't mean to say that the old Romans used to set on them seats, do you? They must have had mighty stout pants!"—a train of reflection which he accounts for by explaining that, in his boyhood, his mother had been addicted to "the layin' on of hands," by way of "striking at the root of the evil," after which she was wont "to set me down rather suddenly on a big stone, in the back-yard, 'not to get up again till I felt better,' as she remarked. It was where Sam and me used to crack nuts; it was darned cold and darned rough, and the longer I set the better I didn't feel, for there was allus some of the shucks left lyin' about. By mighty! I don't believe that stone would ever ha' hatched if I had set there till the new meetin'-house was done."

And we have this further picture of him:

"It was quite entertaining to watch his management with the waiter at the inn. Knowing perfectly well that the latter did not understand a word he was saying, he would nevertheless go to the head of the stairs and call very loudly: 'Waiter! I want you to clean them boots of mine just as quick as you can, and bring 'em up to my room, for I want to put them on right off!' The waiter would look up in a helpless sort of way, and Uncle Sam's representative finally comprehending the real state of the case, would thrust out one of his feet and tap it three or four times with his hand, each time exclaiming, 'Boots! boots! boots! Do you understand? I want them boots!' And so it went on to the intense aggravation of all parties except myself, whom it greatly amused."

Mr. Arnold seems in general to have been unfortunate in the Americans he met abroad: acting in a Roman gallery of paintings as *cicerone* to a party of his countrymen, ladies and gentlemen, he showed them, among others, Paul Veronese's "Rape of Europa," that lady being seated on the back of the reclining Jupiter, who has assumed the form of a milk-white bull. One of the party describing the visit afterward, mentioned as the picture he most admired "that one where that woman is milking the cow!"

Not to convey a false idea of Mr. Arnold's patriotism, we quote, in conclusion, from his chapter on hotel registers, an incident which is perhaps most likely to receive trans-Atlantic appreciation:

"Tom Taylor journeyed, two years ago, over the same region that I lately passed through, and at all the inns I saw the following entry—no more, no less: 'Tom Taylor—Disgusted!' It was generally ill received by those that read it, and was often followed by a reflection somewhat like the ensuing, which I copied exactly from the book at Courmayeur: 'This intolerable snob has made the same hopelessly idiotic entry in several other hotel books, with equally ludicrous stupidity and pointlessness.'"

The Life of Maximilian the First, late Emperor of Mexico. By Frederic Hall. New York: James Miller. 1868.—If posthumous fame be a second life, then will the martyred Emperor Maximilian enjoy a long and enviable existence in the hearts and minds of all truly good and upright men; for never was there a ruler who more sincerely desired to serve his country, nor one whose aims and endeavors were more noble. In every position he was called to fill, in his government of Lombardy, as commander of the Austrian navy, and in his three years of trouble and vexation on the throne of Mexico, his courage never faltered, his aspirations for the good of others never failed, his trust in human nature was never shaken, and he died at last a victim of misguided heroism, of treachery in which he persistently refused to believe; his weakness consisted in the ease with which he allowed himself to be led away by an active imagination into deceitful hopes, and by those hopes into a line of conduct which was unwise, but always consistent with his own high principles of honor; with that honest enthusiasm for ideas which cost him his life.

In the years which have passed since Mexico threw off her allegiance to Spain she has presented a melancholy spectacle to the world; one reign of tyranny has succeeded another—anarchy, confusion, and general demoralization have prevailed—enlightened nations have held her in contempt, and individuals have despised her people; but it was reserved for her present rulers to draw down upon their nation the execration of all Christendom by the perpetration of a crime for which there is no palliation. Of all the wild deeds which have been done by people in their madness, the murder of Maximilian in cold blood is perhaps the strangest, the most unexpected, the most inexcusable.

The present interesting narrative of the emperor's life brings—as a great writer once said—the highest pitch of civilization closely in contrast with a half-savage state of society, and shows us how ill-advised and rash was the resolve of Maximilian and his devoted wife to trust themselves on Mexican soil, how unfit they were to breathe the poisoned atmosphere of its political and social life. A country which permits herself to be laid prostrate at the feet of the basest of her mongrel population is unworthy of enlightened rule, and cannot be considered within the pale

of civilization. The work of Mr. Hall is written with simplicity, earnestness, and evident truth; he gives a concise and useful history of the House of Hapsburg from its origin to the present time; a sketch of the unhappy Carlotta; and a careful biography of the Emperor Maximilian, which possesses the great advantage of being compiled by one who knew him personally, and who had the best means of ascertaining with complete accuracy all the details of the sad tragedy which closed his ill-starred reign. Mr. Hall was one of his majesty's legal advisers, and, being in his confidence, was especially fitted to perform the sad but important task of writing his biography. Many of the documents which Mr. Hall has preserved will hereafter acquire great importance, for others beside the immediate actors in this terrible drama have yet to be judged, and the calm and serious scrutiny of history will not altogether absolve those of other nations whose interference at the right moment might possibly have averted the calamity.

Norman Fleming. By the Author of Christus Victor, Three Crowns, Max Overmann. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1868.—This is a poem which we cannot better describe than by saying that Dr. Holland himself might have written it. Most of the beauties which charmed the twenty-five thousand lovers of *Kathrina* will delight them anew in this, which is quite as moral, very nearly as commonplace, and if possible a trifle duller. In a very remote country tavern on a very rainy day, after one had read all the advertisements in the last month's paper, it might be found quite entertaining. We can conceive the possibility of such an event, but how any mortal happy enough not to be a critic nor a publisher's reader could deliberately sit down and wade through eighty-seven rather broad duodecimo pages of such metrical platitudes as the author of *Christus Victor* has here favored us with is a question which probably only the aforesaid twenty-five thousand could answer. Doubtless there is a use for just such books as these and people to buy them, or intelligent publishers would scarcely waste on them so much typographical beauty and trade reputation; but it must be a curiously constructed intellect that could extract enjoyment from their perusal. Perhaps they are read as penance; if so, we know of no more appropriate reading for the Lenten season than *Norman Fleming*.

On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication; with an enquiry into the influence of the abuse of alcohol as a predisposing cause of disease. By W. Marcet, M.D., F.R.S., &c. New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.—The general character of this treatise is set forth in its title. Dr. Marcet's especial object, however, has been that of calling attention to the efficacy of oxide of zinc for the alleviation and cure of alcoholic diseases. He began in 1855 a series of comparative enquiries respecting the action of oxide of zinc in epilepsy, chorea, mild hysteria, paralysis, lead palsy, &c., with various results. He, however, observed that this substance was most remarkably beneficial when given to patients suffering from a chronic disorder of the nervous system, characterized by sleeplessness, giddiness, headache, flying specks passing before the eyes, &c., the disease being frequently accompanied by a morbid condition of the organs of digestion. It then appeared to Dr. Marcet probable, and he subsequently became convinced, that these symptoms were owing to one and the same cause—viz.: the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants. He thereupon commenced a series of investigations as to the value of oxide of zinc in controlling and curing the disorder in question, taking notes of the symptoms and other particulars of the cases of this affection admitted under his care at the Westminster Hospital. In 1858 Dr. Marcet communicated to the London Western Medical Society a paper showing that oxide of zinc was exceedingly efficacious in the treatment of chronic alcoholic intoxication; and abstracts of this paper were afterward published in *The Medical Times* and *The Lancet*. The author now informs us that subsequent observations have fully confirmed the correctness of his theory; and the present volume is a highly interesting account of his accumulated experience. Works of this sort, apart from their utility to the professional man, have a greater value to the general reader than hundreds of "temperance" tracts and stories. The cold, unerring expositions of science carry a weight that mere ethical considerations often fail to bear. Intemperance has greatly increased in New York of late—especially, we grieve to say, among the educated classes—and books like this of Dr. Marcet's may, therefore, here serve a doubly useful purpose in a very suitable field.

The Readable Dictionary; or, Topical and Synonymic Lexicon. By John Williams, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868.—This is an interesting and valuable work. Its claim to be a "readable" dictionary we happen to have tested in an unequivocal way; for every person to whom we have handed the copy in our possession has immediately fallen to its perusal, continued their examination with great interest, and parted from the book with obvious reluctance. We believe there is no other dictionary in our language constructed on the topical, in contradistinction to the alphabetical, plan, and, as when the latter is used the book becomes simply one of reference, the superior readableness of the present volume would seem to be established. As the author humorously observes, the man who undertook to read the dictionary through thought the subject changed too frequently and too abruptly, and soon abandoned the enterprise. The young lady who undertook to read the same book found the stories too short to be interesting. No such fault can be found with Mr. Williams's book, which, in all seriousness and notwithstanding its popular

and labor-saving qualities—qualities that with some are sufficient to ensure condemnation—we can recommend as a conscientious and accurate as well as a unique and attractive production.

The Broadway for March shows improvement in some respects over preceding numbers. The contents are well diversified, and the papers in general avoid the great fault of those of most magazines in not being too long. As an attempt to cultivate international good feeling through a literary medium, *The Broadway* certainly deserves cordial recognition. In its pages writers of both countries are fraternally assembled together, and there is an evident intention on the part of the conductors, while withholding no truths that ought to be spoken, to incline the minds of the people of both countries to a juster appreciation through better knowledge the one of the other. English approval of this general design is best shown in the circulation of *The Broadway*, which, we are told, has now reached (in the three kingdoms) thirty thousand copies. As it becomes better known, we see no reason why the American sale should not equal if it does not outstrip that of England.

The American Naturalist. Salem, Massachusetts: The Peabody Academy of Science.—As we have explained in another place, this excellent magazine commences its second year under most reassuring circumstances, and with promise of even more attractive features than those to which we have called frequent attention during the last twelvemonth. Among interesting matters promised for the new volume are papers by Prof. F. V. Hayden, state geologist of Nebraska, on *The Indian Races of the Far West*, and on *the Geology of Nebraska*; by Prof. C. F. Hartt on *Sketches of Travel and Research in Brazil and the West Indies*, which are already commenced, as we mentioned last month; by Prof. O. Marcy on *Geological Observations made in the Rocky Mountains*; by Prof. A. Winchell on *Sketches of the Geology of Lake Superior*; by Prof. W. H. Brewer on *The Big Trees of California*; by Dr. J. P. Kimball, of the Bureau of Mines, on *Coal*; by Mr. W. T. Brigham on *Tropical Fruits*; by Dr. G. L. Goodale on *The Borax Lake of California*; also articles on *The Habits of our Birds*, by our best ornithologists; on *The Ancient Glaciers of the White Mountains*, by G. L. Vose; a posthumous article by the English entomologist, George Newport, on *The Habits of Centipedes*; botanical papers by Prof. Asa Gray, Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Messrs. H. Mann, C. J. Sprague, and C. M. Tracy; ethnological papers by Prof. J. Wyman; and entomological articles by Dr. H. A. Hagen, and occasional letters from Dr. C. F. Lütken, of the Royal University Museum of Copenhagen, on *The Progress of Science in Northern Europe*, beside illustrated articles by the editors on our native reptiles and fishes; on general geology and paleontology; a series of papers on the habits of our wasps and their allies, describing their nests and modes of life, from unpublished notes; on the parasites of the honey and wild bees, &c., and the common animals of the sea-shore, such as the clam, barnacles, sea anemones, starfish, and worms.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—American Notes. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. Pp. 472.
MERCHANTS' UNION LAW CO., New York.—The Law Register: comprising The Lawyers of the United States; The State Record; The Official Directory; The Collector's Assistant. By John Livingston. Pp. 1,038.
SHELDON & CO., New York.—Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp. By R. Jeffery. Pp. xxvi, 341.
A. S. BARNES & CO., New York.—The Republic of Liberia. By G. S. Stockwell. Pp. 299, 1868.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—The Grounds and Object of Hope for Mankind. Four Sermons by Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Pp. 84, 1868.
SHELDON & CONNOR, Atlanta, Ga.—A Manual of Parliamentary Practice, Rules for Conducting Business in Deliberative Assemblies. By P. H. Mell, D.D. Pp. 91, 1868.
PAMPHLETS.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 338.
Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 136.
PRINTING PRESS CO., St. Paul.—Annual Report of the Minnesota Historical Society, read at the Annual Meeting, Jan. 20, 1868. Pp. 32.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston.—I was Lean and I became Stout. Humbly presenting some Ideas that are really, True, though they read like Fiction. Pp. 32.
We have received current numbers of the following magazines: The Phrenological Journal, The Public Spirit, and The Herald of Health—New York; The Ladies' Repository, The Monthly Journal of the American Unitarian Association, and Merry's Museum—Boston; Our School-day Visitor—Philadelphia; The Month—London and Baltimore; The American Naturalist—Salem; The Home Monthly—Nashville.

TABLE-TALK.

CONGRESS, but for the intrinsic absurdity of supposing that worshipful body to know anything about Mr. Ruskin, might be thought to have been inspired in its proceedings on the passage of the Appropriation bill in the House one day last week by a perusal of that gentleman's new volume and a desire to give practical evidence of their contempt for him in that he is a bloated aristocrat. During the course of the morning, until interrupted, that is, by the notable exposition of the impending Guy Fawkes operation, the House had voted for the building of various promiscuously distributed post-offices and custom-houses, five in all, the total sum of \$289,000, this being an increase by \$159,000 of the sums decided upon in committee as sufficient; although it should be added that attempts to insert two other jobs, asking in the first instance \$125,000, were foiled, and there were struck out appropriations of \$105,000 for tinkering at the Capitol, very properly if we are indeed eventually

to remove the seat of government from its present squalid surroundings to a point nearer our geographical centre. However, after the "shop" appropriations had been enlarged by nearly \$160,000, Mr. Poland asked that \$6,000, instead of the \$1,000 named in the bill, be allowed for the preservation in the Smithsonian Institute of the collections made by exploring expeditions. A Mr. Selye—whoever he may be—is reported as having "declared that it would make a man or woman sick to look at them, and he was opposed to taxing his constituents for any such purpose." Mr. Selye was rewarded with the customary "laughter," and the request was denied, though afterward, by some means, \$4,000 was obtained. The temptation is strong to pass to the enlightened piece of economy by which the retrenchment committee lately squelched the Bureau of Education and with it our only hope, faint though it was, of getting in time a system of common schools not grossly and disgracefully inadequate. But, referring our readers to Mr. Ruskin's strictures upon the somewhat similar transaction in Parliament, we shall be content with following his example and quoting from *Sesame and Lilies* an apt parable. The text for this was afforded by the offer for sale in Bavaria of a unique collection of fossils, worth some £1,200, and which the English government could have bought for £700, but would not; so that the cabinet was likely to go to the Munich Museum, whereupon Professor Owen devoted his time to boring M.P.s. until he "got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three!—which," continues Mr. Ruskin, "the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it." And here, for the behoof of our legislating Selyes and their mirthfully close-fisted, tender-stomached constituencies, is Mr. Ruskin's parable:

"Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus) is at least fifty millions. Now, seven hundred pounds is to fifty million pounds, roughly, as sevenpence to two thousand pounds. Suppose then a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of sevenpence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, 'Well, I'll give you fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself till next year!'"

In *The Atlantic* for this month is an article on *The Old Philadelphia Library* we should rather have looked for in *Lippincott's*, but which, wherever it were found, every bibliophile and most Philadelphians must read with rapture. There is a charm about those venerable rooms by Independence Square, which one enters as if he were stepping back a century, wherewith it is impossible to invest any of the modern collections, however costly or extensive, whether at Washington, New York, Boston, or Cambridge. Next to it in this respect, *sed proximus longo intervallo*, is the Redwood Library at Newport; but that one must see when few of our readers probably have seen it, out of the season namely, when there are none of the fine people to dispel the illusion, and when one may bring himself into harmony with the surroundings by ascending one of those narrow, un-sidewalked, old-time streets that ascend from the water and contrast so delightfully with the gingerbread and splendor of "the" avenue. But for the Philadelphia Library, *facile princeps* among all of its kind on the continent, the next best thing to seeing it and passing a silent day within its quite walls is to read *The Atlantic's* description, and become imbued with the associations and memories it suggests. Not the least impressive of its characteristics is the explanation, rather implied than stated, of a social trait which survives unimpaired in Philadelphia alone of American cities. It is good that there should be one spot where "blood" suggests another than a physiological signification; where it is not a matter of indifference who were one's parents and grandparents, and where it does not constitute a grave imputation against one's moral character to be known to take an interest in one's own forefathers as well as in the collective forefathers of the nation. It may be suggested that faith of this sort has, in Philadelphia, somewhat superseded works, and that there is in many cases no present justification for the pride of name,—and we do not exactly see how it is to be denied. But there are so many to present that view of the case and so few to suggest the other—in print, at least,—that we need not insist upon it here.

WITH its March number, the first of its second volume, *The American Naturalist* comes to us with an enlarged page and with its imprint changed from the Essex Institute to the Peabody Academy of Science. In explanation of this are given the documents relating to the establishment of the new Academy, from which it appears that during Mr. George Peabody's visit last year to his native place he created a trust (of \$140,000) "for the promotion of Science and useful Knowledge in the county of Essex," appointing a board of trustees to manage the same, and instructing them to expend \$40,000 of his gift in land and buildings, and to devote annually seven-twelfths of the income from the remaining \$100,000 to the advancement of physical sciences and practical technology and five-twelfths to the natural sciences. In carrying out these instructions the museums and collections of the East India Marine Society and of the

Essex Institute, both of Salem, have been transferred to the new institution, constituting a museum in several respects unequalled in this country. Among the things included in the transfer was *The American Naturalist*, whose editors are thereby assured of the means necessary to develop its full excellence. Considering the general propensity of money to go where it will be ill employed, and especially in the matter of periodical publications, to reward most liberally the efforts of faintest merit and most questionable utility, there is real comfort in seeing the prosperity thus assured of so admirable a magazine as the *The Naturalist*, one which has most creditably acquitted itself of its scheme for naturalizing popular science among our magazine literature and, though its promises have had the unusual characteristic of being excelled by its performance, which promises so well for the future.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW.

As, shivering in the northern blast,
Along the icy street I passed,
Through some one's pane a glance I cast,
And caught a glimpse of Spring:

Which lingered with me all the day,
And drove my discontent away,
With laggard Winter, grim and grey—
The frowning, froth-crowned king—

Whose cruel rule was all in vain
The bursting blossoms to restrain
Of bulbs behind that basement pane
Through which my glances fell:

And where, above the moist, dark mould,
I saw each slender stalk uphold
Its cup of scarlet, edged with gold—
The turbaned tulip's bell.

And at that sight, I seemed to see
What pleasant things were yet to be,
When Spring, with footstep fleet and free,
Across the earth should pass.

I saw no more the ice and snow,
But watched the bare boughs verdant grow,
And heard the loosened brooklets flow
Through fields of springing grass:

Rejoicing in the sunny air,
Blithe insects sported everywhere,
And odors of the violet rare
Were borne upon the breeze.

The busy robin met my eye,
And crowds of blackbirds whirring by,
While flashed, like some stray bit of sky,
The bluebird through the trees.

But ah! before the piercing tune
Of gales that swept that winter's noon,
The vision melted all too soon
To cold and lifeless grey.

Still, thanks to thee, my unknown friend,
Whose flowers could such enchantment lend
To this depressing month, whose end
Seems farther off each day.

February 22, 1868.

C. PIERRREPONT.

THE first number of *The American Law Times*, which we have just received, despite some probably unavoidable faults of arrangement, gives much promise of future usefulness, and if conducted in the proper spirit will undoubtedly prove a needed and valuable addition to the law literature of the country. It will be published at Washington on the last Thursday of every month, and will include all current legal and bankruptcy information up to the date of issue, the movements of the various departments of the national government, and notices of recent decisions at home and abroad. The main features of the plan are good, and for such a journal, ably and energetically conducted, there will, it seems to us, be no lack of room or encouragement.

MONSIEUR DU CHAILLU has just concluded a series of lectures which were not only highly instructive, but very entertaining; their value consisting in a clear and lucid description of a strange and hitherto impenetrable portion of the African continent; a narrative of bold adventure and unremitting labor, of dangerous explorations and cautious investigations during a long series of years, and a clear exposition of interesting facts and conclusions based upon personal observation regarding the native tribes of the country, which should go far to break up the apathy hitherto existing regarding them. Long ago the Abbé Raynal said that the interior of Africa was little known, and what was known of it could neither engage the covetousness of the trader, the curiosity of the traveller, nor the sympathy of the philosopher. Monsieur du Chaillu, it seems, was of a different opinion—he has spared neither toil nor patience in pursuing his discoveries and in setting forth the result of his investigations as clearly as possible, and making them plain to the apprehension of others. It would seem to be worth while to travel some distance out of one's way for the simple privilege of seeing a man, the accounts of whose personal dangers have all the fascination of romance; but our great traveller dwells but lightly on the romantic portion of his adventures, and the offer of royal alliances—two daughters of a king at one time and several hundred of his wives at another—made but little impression on the mind of a man engaged in the great and difficult enterprise of making his way across Equatorial Africa. Monsieur du Chaillu narrates his varied experiences among the cannibals and other savages in a plain, business-like, practical way. His style is never diffuse, but perpetually lighted up with vivacious illustration which tends to keep the attention of his listeners always alive; indeed, he

seems to have retained his very strong sense of humor under the pressure of very severe trials, and to have borne with unusual resignation the irreparable loss of valuable instruments, photographs, maps, and specimens of natural history. Not infrequently he owed his personal preservation to a belief which prevailed among the savages that he was a spirit—a belief at which we can scarcely marvel when we consider the risks he ran and the dangers he escaped—but he doubtless was indebted for his safety even more to the power he possessed of ingratiating himself with the kings and chiefs of hostile tribes, and to his wonderful facility of adapting himself with apparent ease and cheerfulness to all conditions of life. He evidently possesses a rare combination of boldness and caution, of independence and politic concession. Monsieur du Chaillu is greatly aided in his lectures by a number of maps and pictures representing objects vying with each other in hideousness, but doubtless faithful representations of African life. His vivacity and originality in treating the subjects incidental to his narrative, the practical sagacity apparent in all his proceedings, and the amusing aspect in which he exhibits his adventures—enumerating the difficulties attending his enterprise and the obstacles constantly opposed to his progress with no seeming exaggeration—cannot fail to ensure him well-merited popularity. Unlike many lecturers, he has much to say that is worth hearing, and, fortunately for his audience, he knows how to say it.

MISTAKES will occur in the best regulated families; and *The Round Table*, in a review of the Queen's book, lately committed that of designating the eldest daughter of her Majesty—that is to say, the Princess Royal—the *Princess of Wales*; the latter title, of course, being that of the former Princess Alexandra, now wife of Albert Edward. The error was one of accident, not ignorance; but in either case it was one that should not have been made, and we thank *The Boston Advertiser* for the remarkably courteous and gentlemanlike manner in which, in its columns, our *lapsus calami* is pointed out.

MR. DANA is making an excellent paper of *The Sun*. The delicate task of gaining a new and better intellectual clientele while retaining the adhesion of the masses who have long looked to *The Sun* for light and warmth required the hand of a master, and is performed by nothing less. *The Sun* is now what cheap papers very seldom are—or dear ones either, for that matter—really well written. It is pointed, necessarily sententious, good-humored, and always interesting. We are very glad, indeed, for the sake of the great bulk of our city population, that a two-cent morning paper is now established which has a steady regard for the interests of the working class, and yet is fit for intelligent people of any class to read.

COME NIGHT, COME LIGHT!

Thou tardy maid!
Light up thy stars and fireflies; and bring
Thy nightingales and katydids, to sing
A serenade:

For her, for her!
Thou shalt plait twilights in her cloud of hair,
And teach my love thine attitude and air,
Till daylight stir.

Steal to her side:
Fold the warm shadow of thy jealous arm
Over her cheek's, over her bosom's, charm—
But not to hide.

No dew intrude,
To chill her temples with officious pearls;
Nor breeze, to tumble in pert, hoyden curls
Her classic snood.

Handmaiden pale!
Array my goddess in a moonlight vest:
That be her bodice; but for all the rest,
Thy chastest veil.

I come! I come!
Make of my lady's eyes twin bridal stars—
A constellation in her window-bars,
To guide me home.

The forest-bee
Finds ever his own well-beloved flower
True to her trysting and the nuptial hour
And why not she?

With jocund song
The mocking-bird would celebrate the night,
And Jack-o'-lantern bends his ray to light
My way along.

Do thou thy best,
Thou graceful Night, to deck my bride, my queen:
Lend her thy shadows, and thy silver sheen;
She hath the rest.

J. W. P.

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG's new paper, *Every Afternoon*, will appear, we are told, on March 17. Mr. Young's long experience and refined taste afford guarantees that he will issue a journal in every way suitable for thoughtful and cultivated readers, and we trust that the success of *Every Afternoon* will in all respects equal what we are assured will be its desert. The new paper, unlike the other evening journals, will be published in quarto form, and in general design is to be a sort of American *Pall Mall Gazette*.

COLLABORATION, so much in vogue among French *littérateurs*, has found its way into favor with English writers, and the fashion bids fair to become general among English writers. Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins set the horrible example in their Christmas failure—*No Thoroughfare*; and Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Dion Boucicault are following and improving on this in their clever romance

of *Foul Play*. Presently the custom will cross the ocean; indeed, the infection has already begun to spread; and we do not mind imparting to our readers in strict secrecy that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and H. G. are engaged on a novel of domestic life to be called *Logwood*; or, *Any Port in a Storm*. *Frenzy*; or, *The Last of The Tribune*, is said to be a political extravaganza, in preparation by the same able pens. We distrust the rumor that Mr. Johnson and the venerable Thad. Stevens are perfecting a historical romance, entitled *Impachment*; or, *The White House Conspiracy*, in which Mr. Johnson is to furnish the plot and Mr. Stevens the dialogue—which is to be chiefly monologue.

GENERAL BUTLER, who attended the representation of *La Grande Duchesse* at Washington, is said to have been highly incensed at the character of General Boum, which he takes as a reflection on his own warlike exploits.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE has just completed, and will immediately send to the press, his memoir of his father. *Southern Society*, in speaking of the matter, adds that, in 1832, Henry Lee published a pamphlet entitled "*Observations on the Writings of Thomas Jefferson*," with particular reference to the attack which they contain on the memory of the late General Henry Lee," but no life of him has been hitherto given to the world.

MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL is preparing a work to be published, says *The Evening Mail*, only by subscription, but whose title or subject is not stated.

THE REV. MR. CAPEN, a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, has become notable as a weather-prophet. As usual, his prognostications were made the subject of ridicule, but of late their accuracy has drawn the attention of some of the prominent Boston literati to the principles on which he proceeds, and they have induced him to prepare a lecture on the laws of storms, which he is soon to commence delivering in the West.

THE ABBE MIGNÉ'S famous ecclesiastical publishing establishment at Paris has been destroyed by fire, together with thirty years' accumulations of stereotype plates, the most complete and valuable, in their way, we imagine, which were in existence—the whole loss being estimated at between six and seven millions of francs. Among the works which came from this press and shared its fate, the correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* enumerates some two thousand quarto volumes, mostly edited by the Abbé, of cheap editions of the Greek (167 vols.) and Latin (222 vols.) Fathers, text-books in every branch of divinity, works of eminent French divines (100 volumes of sermons alone), theological encyclopædias; in fine, of works in every de-

partment of ecclesiastical literature—several pages of the catalogue being occupied by a list of separate cyclopædias of rites and ceremonies of liturgy, of heresies and errors, of books condemned, of religious orders, of hagiography, of pilgrimages, of sacred iconography, of persecutions, of miracles, of indulgences, of conversions to Catholicism, of involuntary apologists of the Church, of mysteries, of hymns, of scholasticism, asceticism, and mysticism, of scientific objections refuted, of traditions and legends, monasteries and convents, of antiphilosophism, and a great many others in one or more volumes each, filled with curious learning. The loss will be an immense and, for a time, irreparable one to the scholarship of the Roman Church.

HERR F. C. A. FICK has published, at Göttingen, a *Wörterbuch der indogermanischen Grundsprache in ihren Bestandtheilen vor der Völkertrennung*, being a vocabulary, or an essay at one, of the primitive Indo-European language, previous to the division of the Aryan race. The task is one of those which only a German could bring himself to undertake, yet which Germans are constantly achieving in the cause of lingual study. This consideration of itself, it seems to us, should silence those who profess zeal for philological progress, yet, in their exclusive devotion to the classic tongues, would repress collegiate instruction in the language supremely necessary to the philological student.

MRS. COBDEN announces her purpose to arrange for publication her husband's letters on public questions, commencing with those on national education, and asks the assistance of any of Mr. Cobden's friends who have such letters in their possession.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(31.)—The writer of *Table-Talk* in *The Churchman* gives an amusing definition of THOROUGH-CHURCHMAN from an English-German dictionary. Let me add a still more amusing mistake from the same very curious book. I translate the German definitions: "DAM. Subst. A small coin." Then follows this German phrase, "I do not care a penny," the corresponding English for which is said to be "I do not care a dam" (*sic*)! L. N.

(32.)—In a late editorial in *The New York Times* I find an allusion to Jedburgh justice, where the accused was first executed and afterward tried. Can you or any of your contributors explain it? Respectfully, PAUL PRY.

The reference, if we are not mistaken, is to the pleasing practice once in vogue on the Scotch and English marches of settling disagreements,

whenever might made right, by hanging the offender on an impromptu gallows composed of three Jedburgh axes or halberds, two vertical and one across—a sort of mediæval Judge Lynch.

(16.)—A correspondent enquires for an English translation of the *Œuvres [de] Des Cartes*. In London, 1694, was published "*An Entire Body of Philosophy, according to the Principles of the Famous Renate Descartes*;" in three books. Written originally in Latin by the learned Anthony Le Grand; carefully translated and illustrated with almost a hundred sculptures, by Richard Blome. 1 vol. folio. Descartes' *Discourse of Method* was translated and published at Edinburgh, with a full introduction, in 1850, pp. 118. His *Meditations* were also promised, but we have not seen them. The best French edition of his works is edited by Cousin: 11 vols., Paris, 1824-6. Simon edited his chief *Œuvres*, in 1850; the most convenient edition of his main treatises Cousin also published at Paris, 1845, *Fragment de Philosophie Cartésienne*. Two volumes of Descartes' *Œuvres Inédites* were published at Paris, 1859-60, by Foucher de Careil. *The Edinburgh Review*, January, 1852, has a long and able article on the *Philosophy of Descartes*. NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1868.

(17.)—"Allan Grant" was the literary nom de plume of the late William Wilson, and since his death has been adopted by his son, I. G. Wilson, who, like the father, is an occasional contributor to the periodical literature of the day; and the author of *Love in Letters*, *Memoirs of Illustrious Soldiers*, etc. NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1868.

(18.)—Your correspondent who enquires in reference to Gog and Magog will find an answer in a 16mo volume published by J. C. Hotten, London, in 1859: "*A History of Gog and Magog, the Giants in Guild-hall*," their real and legendary history, with account of other civic giants at home and abroad, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.; with illustrations by the author." The same can be obtained at Messrs. Kelly & Piet's bookstore, in this city. Yours, etc., W. F. F.

BALTIMORE, February 24.

(19.)—Your correspondent "I. S.," in answer to a former querist as to the origin of the words "Gog and Magog," refers to the Book of Revelation. In Ezekiel xxxviii: 2, seven hundred years anterior to this, he will find the passage:

"Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, and prophesy against him, and say, thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal."

In the tenth chapter of Genesis also, fourteen centuries nearer the beginning of time, we are told that "Magog" was the name of the son of Japheth, son of Noah.

Can one of your learned readers give the interpretation of the words as used in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of the Prophet Ezekiel? Yours, L. M. G.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1868.

(26.)—"Is this a dagger which I see," etc.

The Thane of Cawdor, when about his "bloody business," had prepared himself with daggers; and, doubting, in his conscience-stricken frame of mind, whether what he saw was a reality or an illusion, would hardly ask himself if it was a table-fork he saw before him. It is to him a vision of the "instrument he [I] was to use." The question with him would be, Was it another instrument of the same sort? and I suggest to "E. P." that the line should be emphasized thus:

"Is *this* a dagger which I see," etc. I. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 28, 1868.

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How to Purify the Blood.

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MARCH.

- The Brawnville Athletic Club,** MOSES COIT TYLER.
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The Physical Degeneracy of Women, FRANCIS DANA GAGE.

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THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1, 1898.

EDWARD A. JONES, President.
JONATHAN O. HALSEY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. MORTIMORE, Secretary.
JOHN C. DIMMICK, Attorney and Counsel.
HIRAM B. WHITE, M.D., Medical Examiner.

Receipts During the Year 1897.

For Premiums, Extra Premiums, etc., \$198,613 09
For Interest, 10,196 85
For Interest accrued, 8,843 32 —\$212,637 31

Disbursements.

Paid claims, by death, on Policies, \$24,500 00
Paid Expenses, Salaries, Taxes, Revenue
Stamps, Medical Examiners' Fees, Com-
missions, etc., 58,264 02
Paid Reinsurance, Purchased Policies, etc., 8,843 32 —\$91,607 34

Assets, January 1, 1898.

Cash in Bank and on hand, \$8,031 81
United States 3-20 Bonds, market value, 208,300 00
Premium Loans on Policies in force, 72,873 33
Quarterly and Semi-annual Premiums deferred,
and Premiums and Interest in course of col-
lection and transmission, 80,487 09
Interest accrued to date, and all other property, 22,616 18 —\$392,388 41

The Directors of The National Life Insurance Company, in presenting the foregoing report of the operations of the Company for the year 1897, take great pleasure in calling attention to the very favorable condition of its affairs.

The income of the Company increased during the year nearly \$54,000, while the total expenses were but \$900 greater than the previous year; which shows that, while every energy is bent toward increasing the amount of business, the greatest care is exercised in the management of its affairs in order that, by a low scale of expenses, the dividends to its Policy-holders may be largely increased.

The assets of the Company were increased during the year from the sum of \$206,707 47 to \$292,388 41.

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CASH CAPITAL, \$400,000 00

SURPLUS, 206,634 79

ASSETS, \$606,634 79

Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."

Benj. S. Walcott, President.

I. Remsen Lane, Secretary.

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